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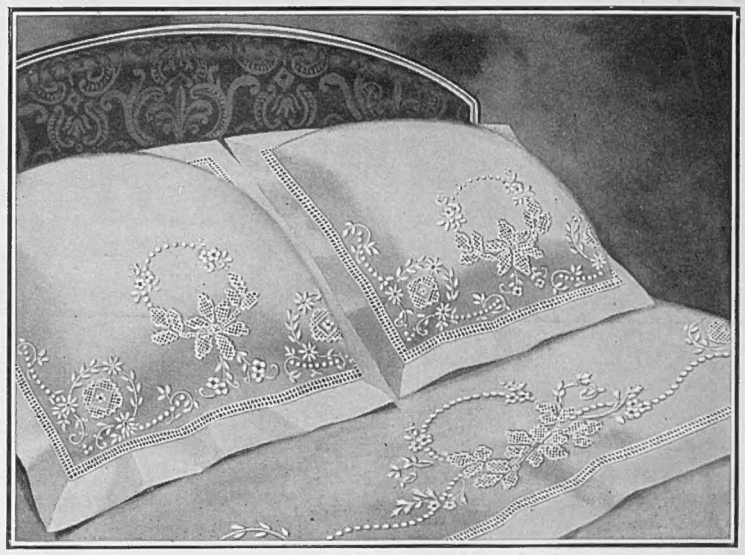

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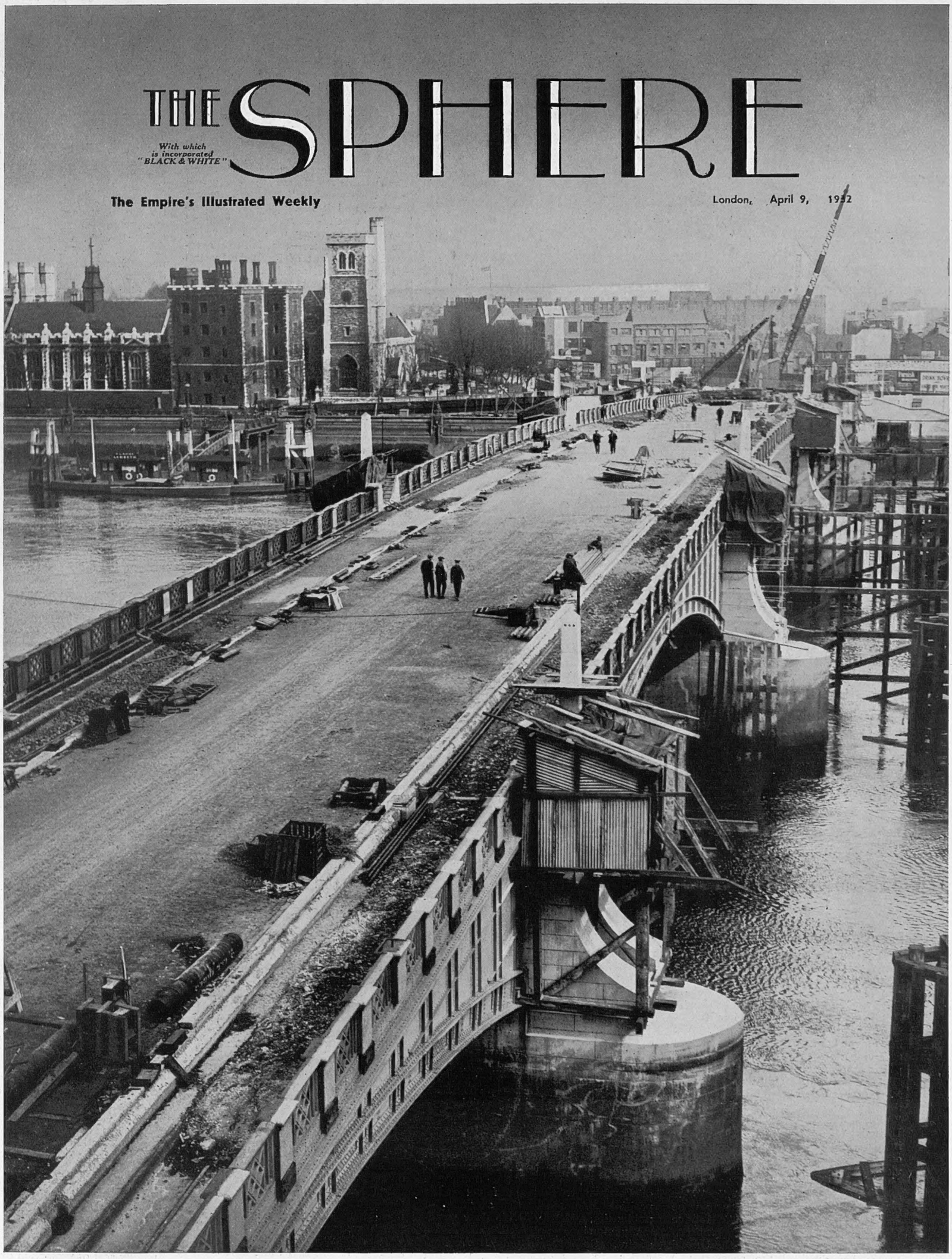

LONDON'S LATEST TRAFFIC LINK:

The New Bridge Across the Thames at Lambeth Provides a Fast Route from Westminster to the City

The new Lambeth Bridge, replacing the old footbridge, is nearing completion. Apart from relieving the congestion of trans-river traffic, it will also serve to link the so-called "New Westminster" to the City by a rapid route. Owing to the bend in the Thames, traffic from the new commercial area which has sprung up in the neighbourhood of the Houses of Parliament has to take a tortuous route to the City, via Whitehall, Charing Cross, and Fleet Street. Now the traffic will cross the river at Lambeth, and take a quick direct route via Southwark Bridge. Lambeth Palace and church are here seen in the background

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A London New

SPRING COMES TO THE CITY: A vignette caught by the camera in Trafalgar Square which shows a City typist by the fountain, her arms filled with daffodils, turned to living gold by the sun, lending a note of welcome brightness to the great grey square

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, April 6, 1932.

ANOTHER BALANCING FEAT.

—Cuttings from the American Press of all sections of opinion confirm the view that America is now doing what England did a few months ago. She is rising to the situation which is suddenly revealed to her in all its danger and has decided to balance her Budget whatever the sacrifice entailed. We have given her a lead and set an example to civilization. Newspaper after newspaper echoes the same words in leading articles, words which public opinion in fact put into the mouth of Mr. Garner, the Speaker, on that fateful March 29. "Unless the Budget is balanced, the United States will face the worst panic in history." And "The people of this country (U.S.A.) may not be able to visualize the wreck and ruin which would follow a suspicion that the Government could not meet its obligations." "The dream of the Communist would be realized by such a disaster." I have before me a score of such observations. It is as clear as can be that the United States has received the severest and healthiest shake-out, mental and moral, since their history as a nation began. They are balancing not only their Budget but their minds, their standards, their values. They are seeing themselves at last as they are in the eyes of civilization and that is a humilating, a humbling, a salutary experience. It has brought appreciably nearer the dream that one day the two great English-speaking nations may unite to save and to rebuild civilization on surer, firmer, more decent, more Christian foundations. But first there is a terrible lot of cleaning up to be accomplished. The American nation has too long been playing with fire. It is learning that character is more important than wealth.

WELCOME TO MR. MELLON.

—We extend the hand of friendship and a welcome to the new Ambassador from the States. Mr. Mellon comes here at a critical time in the history of America, of England, of civilization, and though he is past his prime he is very much the man in the right place. He is, what is comparatively rare in the States, a multi-millionaire who has not neglected the responsibilities of citizenship. He stands in America very much in the position occupied by the late Duke of Devonshire over here. The duke was very rich; he held what was then a proud position, and he had plenty of business and recreation to occupy his days to the full. He didn't like, he didn't trust, politics; he hated publicity and loathed stuffy offices and the atmosphere of Parliament. But he felt that his position demanded the sacrifice of public life, and he did his duty steadfastly and silently, neglecting his private affairs. So Mr. Mellon. If America had more men of his type, who put character before wealth, she would not stand to-day in the humiliating position in domestic affairs in which she finds herself. Mr. Mellon may prove a fine influence towards a better understanding between the two great English-speaking nations on whose co-operation I feel certain the whole hopes of civilization are ultimately set. Meanwhile, he will not be too proud nor too old to learn from us. It is fair to say we have never been too proud (at least in the past forty years) to learn from America. On the contrary, we have been sedulous apes of all things American since Lady Astor burst on London Society.

JOHN BULL'S OTHER ISLAND.

—Yeats is credited with the saying (to Beverley Nichols, I think), "If only the English could bring themselves to believe in fairies, there wouldn't be an Irish problem." There is such a problem, and it is a hard nut. Nor do I believe that to-day an English national conversion to faery would resolve it. The Irish character—that is the character of the peasant of Southern Ireland—is better understood in England than Yeats knows, and the truth is that experience of the problem since the days of Elizabeth has shown that, if the methods we have adopted in our dealings with Ireland are called by Irishmen shortsighted, harsh, unsympathetic, and ineffective, we have learned the futility of any other brand. The age of science and the age of faery go ill together. You can't build a modern state to compete with its neighbours on fairy foundations. The dreams of Valera's most fanatical supporters are for an emerald isle in an exact sense, an isolated, watertight compartment in a stormy and material ocean, a paradise in which Irish genius, Irish ideals, and ancient traditions, the Erin of the poet's dreams, can flourish and be enjoyed by Irishmen exclusively. And that is nothing but a fairy story, for even the ideal Irishman has a stomach with the same needs as that of any human being of the baser sort.

THE BEASTS MEN ARE.—

Once more publicity has been given to the traffic in worn-out horses. The journey of eighty horses from the Argentine to the Calvary of Vaugirard, Paris, was described in *The Times* without passion and without unreasonable bitterness. Yet no damnable item in the catalogue of cruelty, insensate brutality, and callous torture was lacking. These poor brutes, worn out and dying, are shipped abroad for the few dollars their carcases may earn. Brutes send them and brutes receive them. The sea journey takes over a month, during which time the animals are crowded on deck virtually unprotected. Legs and jaws are callously broken as the animals are swung and jerked ashore; prodded and goaded, with blood flowing from sores and wounds, they are crammed into trucks and slowly jerked onwards to Paris. Through the streets of Paris, these still-living proofs of the glory of civilization and the essential nobility of the human race are hustled to the slaughter yards. And in due course the Parisian butchers remit to the Dago procurers of South America a few dirty francs. Civilization! League of Nations! Uplift! International understanding! The age of Progress! And it still goes on . . .

"THE MIRACLE."

—It is a memory from a very dead and obscure past, that miracle of the beauty of *The Miracle* which was revealed to a purblind public by the commercial acumen or courage of *The Daily Mail*. Was it a hundred years ago? Whenever it was, it influenced the lives and characters of men now middle-aged or old, much as a first visit to Florence influences impressionable youth. Never, never shall I forget that scene of Olympia transformed. The great mysterious cathedral dome beneath which we sat entranced. The light which centred on the knight's armour, darkness before and the sunlit country behind seen through the cathedral door. Never shall I forget the kinglike nobility of the walk of the King's son, nor the splendid dignity and aptness of Humperdinck's music, nor the pose of the Madonna, borrowed surely from some medieval ivory statuette of the Virgin done by some forgotten genius in a monkish habit centuries ago. These splendours, or some of them, I shall see again, and I hope no effort will be made to improve them, for excellence can be aspired to but not surpassed, It will be a great moment, an anxious moment. One does not lightly risk the last illusions of youth.

STRONG, SILENT MEN.—

Two strong, silent men wrote "finis" last week, one to a chapter, the other to the last chapter. Sir Stanley Jackson bade farewell to Bengal, Mr. Norman McKinnel to the theatre loving public of London. Both were true to the type of strong, cool-headed Englishman, who has been immortalized and labelled with a description not exhaustive. Sir Stanley Jackson has immensely added to his laurels during his duty in India. He stood like a rock in an angry sea, in a storm in which dogged pluck and coolness were much more valuable assets than high ability, scholarship, or administrative experience. On a bumpy, fiery, treacherous wicket, he stood up to all sorts of bowling, vicious, short, aimed at the body, underhand, and he played with restraint and with a straight bat. He has nobly upheld the honour of Englishmen in India and the Briton's name for pluck and coolness and impartial justice. Norman McKinnel was caviare to the general, and a rare delight to the discerning lover of drama. His strength was positively oppressive, it "got across" in high tension waves. Curiously enough, I shall best remember him impersonating, not a strong, silent English gentleman but a moral coward and a vain humbug. I enjoyed him best as "Blayds." Which only shows what a fine all-round actor he was.

CRIME AND THE POLICE NET.

—The Home Office Blue-book of crime shows a further increase in serious offences for 1930. The increase is largely made up of offences against property; and that, as we all know, is due to the motor-car, to suburban overcrowding in jerry-built houses, to bad times, and the surviving legacy of post-war lawlessness. Our tale of murder would make the people of any other nation green with envy and astonishment. In 1930 only 75 cases came to the knowledge of the police. Because we talk of the ever-growing list of undiscovered and unpunished murderers it is interesting to examine the size of the police mesh. It works out like this. If you commit a murder in England your chance of swinging for it (I don't include infanticide) is 13—1 against. It is 7—3 against your committing suicide to avoid conviction. It is 5—1 against your being found to be insane. It is 13—1 against your being condemned to death and commuted to a life sentence. Of 75 persons suspected of murder, 32 committed suicide; of 36 persons arrested, 9 were acquitted, 15 found insane, 6 got a life sentence, and 6 were hanged. That means that six out of seven murders committed are "cleared up" one way or another.

A BOLT FROM THE BLUE.

—In England we have been wont to take thunderstorms lightly. But last week's tragedy on the Maidenhead golf links is bound to change our opinion. A thunderstorm in March is not often a serious affair, and two deaths from lightning in the open and away from trees or other conductors or attractor must be very rare. Was it the umbrella which attracted the lightning or was it the metal of the clubs in the boy's bag? Certainly everybody caught in a thunderstorm should realize that it is better to risk getting wet than to stand under or near a tree or to hold up any sort of protection over his head, and that anything composed of metal, such as a gun or a steel golf club, should be instantly put down. I should be interested to know if either of the victims wore rubber shoes, and I should like a scientific decision on the theory that one is safe from a thunderstorm in a rubber-tired vehicle.

RUBBER.

—The failure of negotiations to impose restriction of production in the industry all over the world has already had one good result. It has removed the long drawn-out feeling of uncertainty which more even than

sletter

over-production has kept the rubber market in the doldrums. Rubber is a resilient commodity. Few raw products and few stock exchange counters know such ups and downs. We have seen rubber at 10s. and we have seen it at 2d. a lb., all in a few years. The best cure for over-production is the natural law of the survival of the fittest, and now with the uncertainty removed, that cure will begin instantly to work. Indeed it has already begun. The "fittest" in the rubber market are those producing companies possessed of the strongest capital reserves. The weaker producers, the small men, the mushroom growths, will now substitute other crops for rubber or go out of the business entirely. The great concerns will bide their time and reduce output in strict relation to necessity, reducing to the bare minimum of necessity the drain on their reserves of capital. This, of course, will in the long run be the saving of a concern like Dunlop Plantations (for example), whose *raison d'être* is in the first instance to feed the Dunlop Rubber Company with the commodity. It should soon see the price of its surplus production rising on a mild demand from outside. Every half-penny increase will mean a saving of thousands of pounds a year.

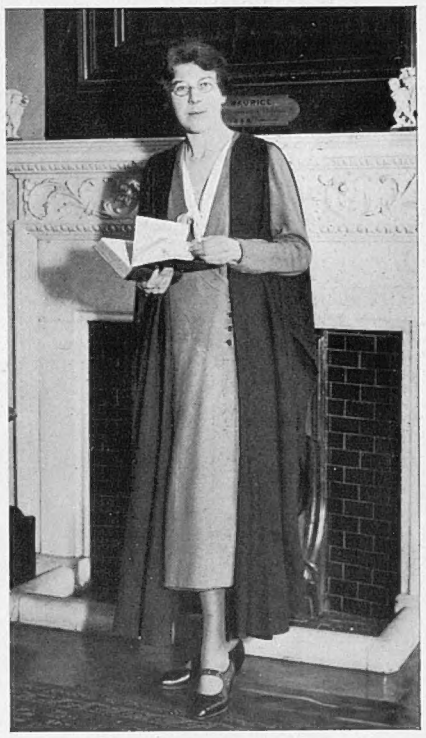
A REACTION TO BREVITY.—I have an idea that in literature we are on the threshold of a reaction towards brevity. The 200,000-word novel has set the pendulum swinging back, and I fancy we shall have a welcome respite from verbosity in novels and biography. So far as novel writing is concerned, I believe that it is far easier to tell your tale, to achieve your purpose, to build up and reveal your characters, to create your atmosphere, in 200,000 words than to accomplish the same task in 60,000, for if the shorter work be perfect in art, the physical and mental energy and application demanded are just as great as in the longer. The 60,000-word novel is simply a wise selection of what is strictly relevant from a far larger MS. Unquestionably the art of short story writing is not only different but infinitely more difficult than that of novel writing. And so with biography. The proper function and object of biography is no clearer to-day than ever it was. The older biographers seem to have imagined that an official biography must be a full and complete catalogue of every existing record and all known achievements of the subject. The modern school conceives the function of biography to be less historical than impressionist. Dates, facts, achievements they subordinate to the more important object of arriving at a true estimate of the subject's character. Lesser men write biography with the sole object of amusing a lazy-minded public. They make selection of what is picturesque or intriguing in the subject's life and skate over the thicker ice. In my opinion, if the art of biography is not the art of selection, I know not what it is. A public man's achievements are as often as not no sort of guide to the nature of the man himself nor to the hold which he had on public respect or affection, nor to the true position he is to hold in his generation. We are only now beginning to learn that history is not an affair of dates, battles, successions, and Acts of Parliament, but of ideas, tendencies, mass movements, and the development of political opinions.

HALT! NOT MUCH.—For months, years, I have been a persistent advocate of a police campaign to check breaches of speed regulations by the drivers of public and heavy road vehicles. For these juggernauts are the chief enemy of road transport's progress. They are fast alienating the public from the road users' case. But if that campaign (which I do not credit) is to be undertaken by police officers in mufti, there is going to be some of the dirtiest work at the cross-roads ever seen. Almost every sane man has established the rule for his womenfolk that, driving alone, they shall never on any account pull up at the signal of any but a uniformed police officer or road scout. It is a very necessary rule, and drivers of lorries at night time are justified in the same precaution. If police officers in mufti are now to patrol the roads, the dangers of the road will be doubled and appalling tragedies due to misunderstandings will result. The bandit will benefit and the elements of law and order will suffer. The campaign against reckless disregard of regulations by "heavies" is overdue, and must be undertaken at once, but in the name of sanity, it must be done in the uniform of the Law.

THE OLD STAGER.

THE TOURIST RUSH TO BRITAIN: 200 Belgians, who arrived in London by the steamer, *Prince Charles*, at Tower Pier, watched the Changing of the Guard at St. James's Palace. This is a subsection of the advance guard of the great army of travellers to tempt whom a favourable exchange will unite with the more usual appeals of the Hub o' the Empire

THE NEW B.B.C. HEADQUARTERS: The building, fittingly modern in its architecture to house a modern industry, in Langham Place, whither 2 L.O. removes lock, stock, and barrel; the final change-over will be completed by the middle of May

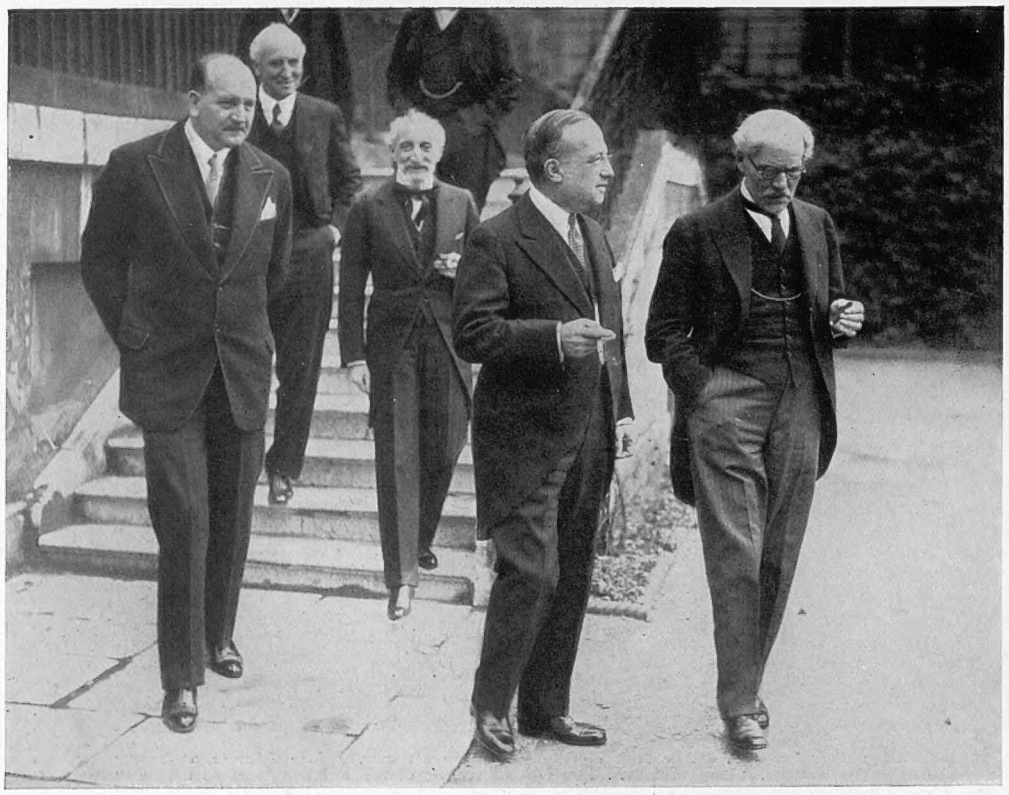


ANOTHER WOMAN PIONEER: Miss C. E. Holloway, the first woman to be appointed by the Bishop of London, head of Queen's College, London

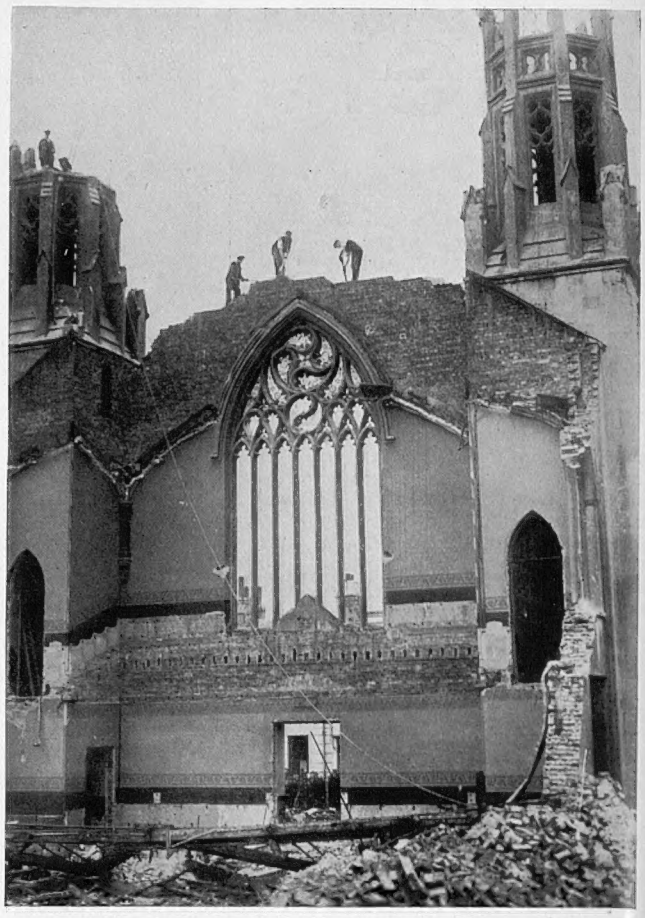
Ian Smith

THE LAUDERDALE POINT-TO-POINT: This group at the races held at Upper Blainslee, includes Sir Philip Dundas, Lady Jane Egerton, Miss Dundas, Lord George Scott, Lady Angela Scott, Miss Marjorie Scott, and Miss Jean Scott, the daughters of Lord George Scott who is the uncle of the boy in the foreground

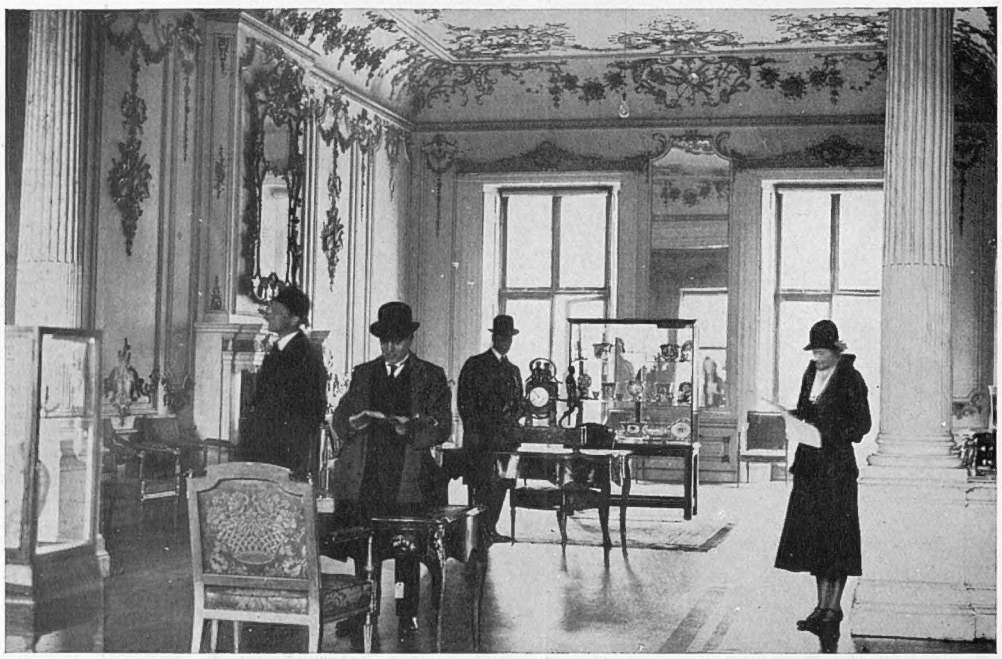
HOME NEWS in PICTURES



THE ENTENTE CORDIALE was unofficially reaffirmed when M. Tardieu, M. Flandin, and M. Fleuriau, the French Ambassador, lunched at "No. 10" and strolled in the gardens afterwards. They and the Prime Minister discussed the federation of the Danubian countries

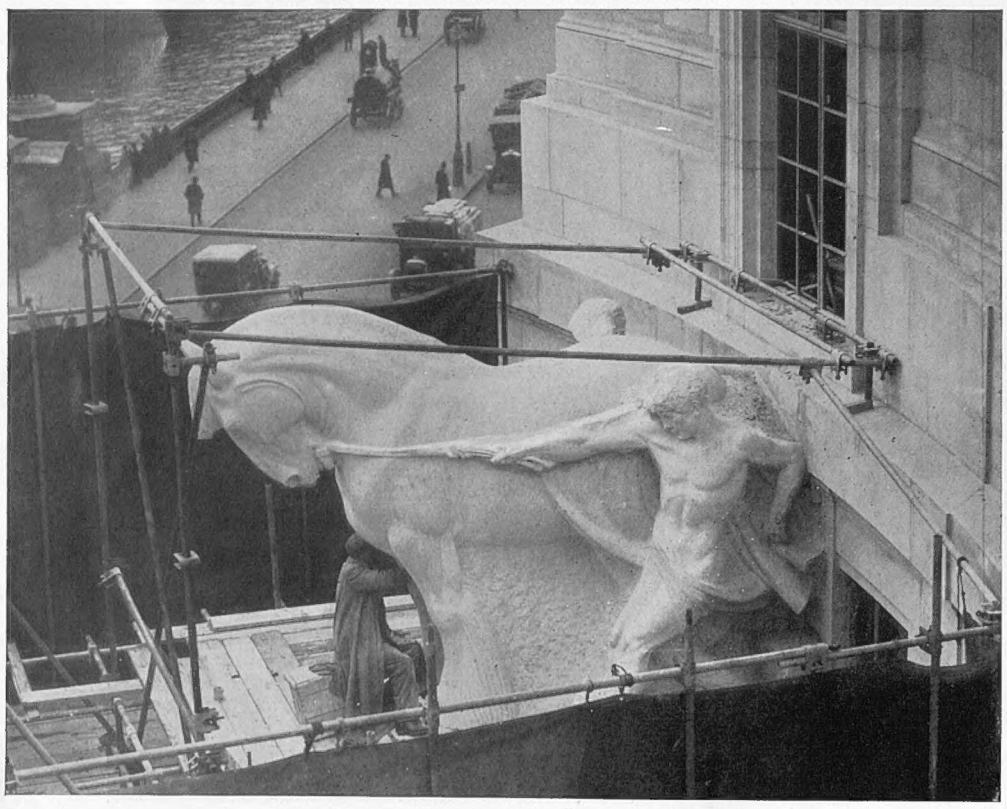


A CHURCH GIVES PLACE TO A CINEMA: Church breakers at work in a precarious position at Cheltenham. The site is to be occupied by a super cinema

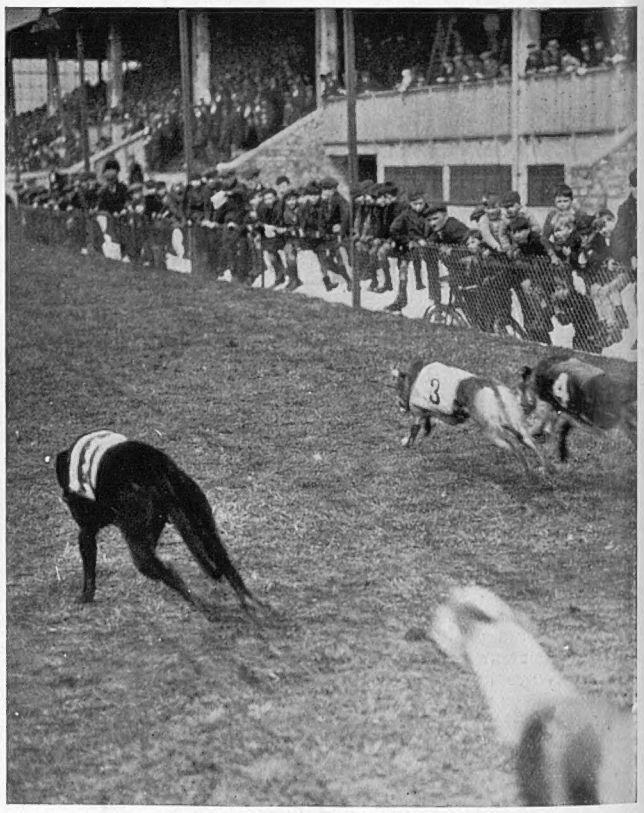


THE CONTENTS OF LORD HAREWOOD'S CHESTERFIELD HOUSE FOR SALE: The ballroom and its contents examined by dealers and visitors before the sale last Thursday. The *bonne bouche* of the sale was the set of four Chippendale arm-chairs of the French type

PREPARING FOR *THE MIRACLE*: Lady Diana Duff Cooper confers at the Lyceum with Professor Max Reinhardt on various details concerning the forthcoming super-production

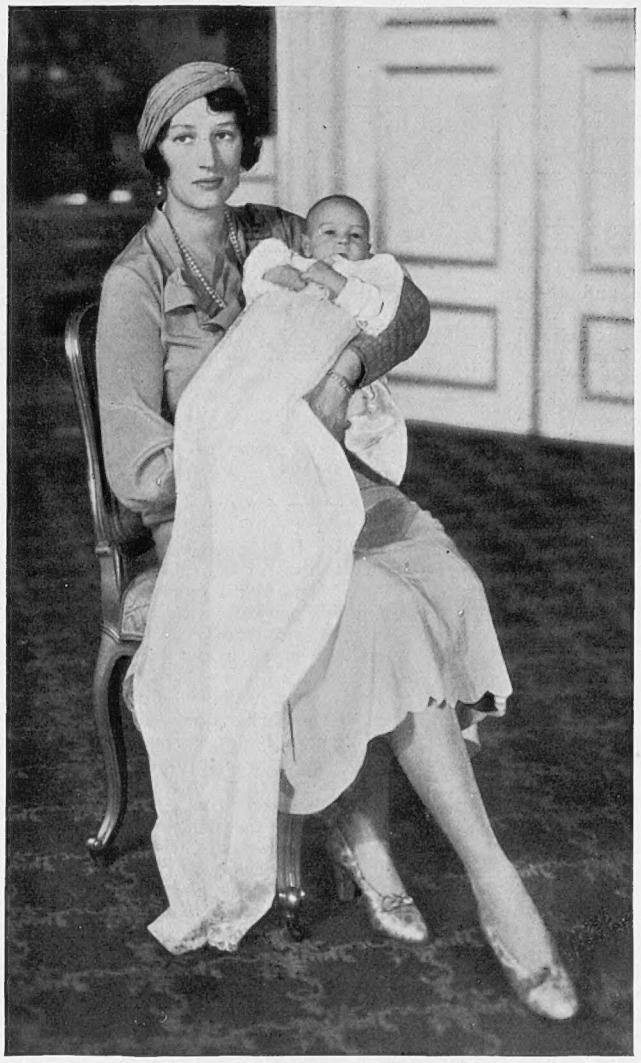


EMBELLISHMENT TO UNILEVER HOUSE: The sculptor puts finishing touches to his work on the great new building on the corner of Thames Embankment and New Bridge Street. The work, which is screened from the public by tarpaulin, is nearly completed



LONDON'S LATEST GREYHOUND TRACK: A striking view of the dogs in action at the Hackney Wick Stadium—the latest shrine of the dog-going public

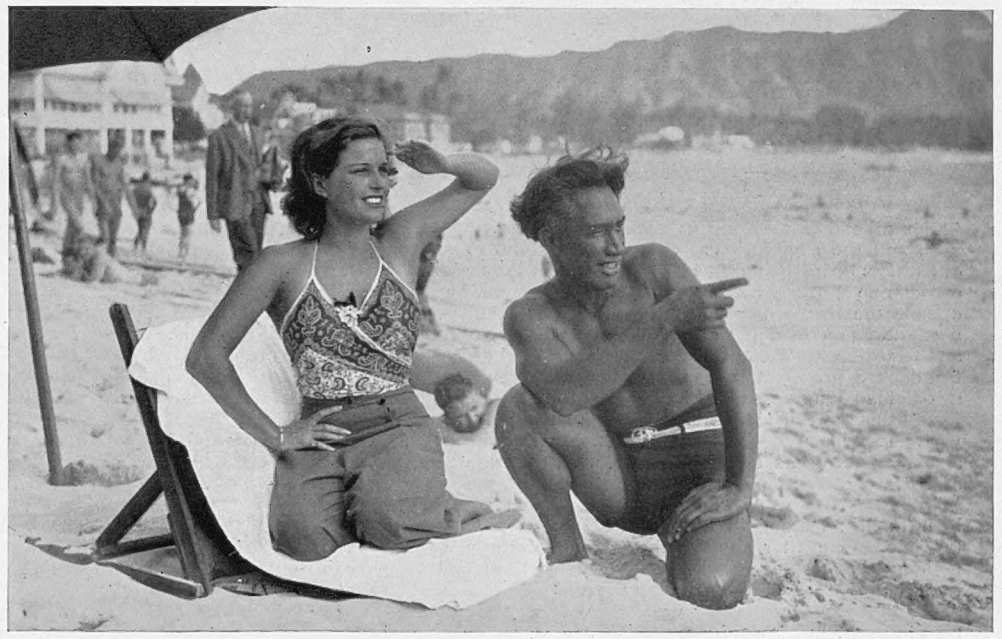
FOREIGN NEWS in PICTURES



BLOOD ROYAL OF NORWAY: Crown Princess Martha of Norway with Princess Astrid after her christening. This baby is junior to Princess Ragnhild

THE FIRST TRAIN IN THE VATICAN CITY: History was made by this locomotive as it steamed into the new Vatican Station, drawing the first ordinary railway train that ever entered the papal precincts

THE HAWAIIAN MURDER TRIAL: Mrs. Fortescue, Mrs. Massie, and Lieutenant Massie, concerned in the sensational Pacific criminal case which opened last week



HAWAIIAN INTERLUDE: Duke Kahanamoku, the champion swimmer, points out beauty spots on the beach to Miss Lily Damita, when she visited Waikiki recently. The whole island has been aflame with the Massie case, which has stirred the island to its depths

COMMUNISTS PROVED PRO-CHINESE in America for they staged an anti-Japanese demonstration in front of the Embassy in Washington—wherein they were restrained by the police

THE NAVY PLAYS POLO: Four of the players in the Anglo-Italian polo match at Rome—a welcome relaxation to the officers of the Mediterranean Fleet anchored in the Bay of Naples. Lord Louis Mountbatten is seen second from the right

FIGHTING OLD D

The Inside Story of Britain' whose Modesty in Heroism Reflects the Highest Face

By J. BAKER

THE LOWESTOFT TRAWLERS AT PLYMOUTH: An effective study taken at the Barbican of the westland port showing the east coast drifters — which follow the herring on their southward trek — steaming in with their catches

The tail end of a Spring gale was blowing itself out, and the signal flags at the harbour mouth stood out stiff as boards from their halliards. Little ripples chased one another across the empty harbour pool, but outside the breakwater long green seas were running, now and again hitting the wall with a vicious smack and throwing up a cloud of spray. At the end of the fish dock a group of men clad in blue guernseys and salt-stained blue suits stood looking out to sea. As we joined them one of them pointed away to the horizon, where a smoke stack, two stocky masts, and a wisp of sail stood out black against the sky, until they dipped and disappeared, as if engulfed by the hungry sea. Within an hour she had slipped in through the harbour mouth, leading in a long string of deep-laden trawlers. One after another they arrived, decks glistening and wet, smoke stacks white with caked salt, and the crews in their oilskins swung them in side by side along the fish dock, as close and as neat as the cars parked in St. James's Square. *Fisher Boy*, *Evening Promise*, *James and Walter*, *Herring Ho*, and *Expectant* were tied up and made fast, the steam escaping from their funnels as the crew made ready to get ashore and get home for dinner.

As the *Constant Friend* came alongside the man on the bridge put a megaphone to his lips and shouted one word, "Ambulance." Within five minutes the blue-painted car was on the dock and two ambulancemen with a stretcher went on board and made their way below. Quite soon a man, his leg in long splints, was carried tenderly ashore and put in the ambulance, a grim reminder of how the sea takes its toll. "Lucky," said the fisherman standing next to me, and told me how it happened. Getting the trawl in during the night a big sea had come over the side, picked the man up as if he were a cork, and thrown him into the scuppers. A second sea had thrown him into the net, where his mates had managed to save him from being washed overside. Lucky to escape with a broken leg, for the hungry sea had nearly claimed him.

The harbour was almost full and I asked my fisherman friend when unloading would commence. "One o'clock in the morning," he replied, and turned away to make fast a rope thrown from the *Gleaner*. And so long before dawn we were back on the fish dock, as bright as day in the light of the flares. Hatches were open and the "bobbers" were busy loading the fish from the holds into baskets and swinging them ashore. On the dock other swift-handed men sorted the fish into heaps of various sizes, types, and qualities. The large fish, halibut, ling, and cod, were laid out on the quayside in rows, the smaller, sorted into varieties, were packed into boxes. And so the work went on hour after hour until the trawlers' holds, washed down and scrubbed, gaped empty, and all the fish in the world seemed to be heaped upon the quay. Other men, overcoated and wrapped well against the wind, had arrived with the dawn and moved about making notes in little books. These were the buyers, wholesale merchants in business at the port, representatives of inland buyers and of retail firms and curers. As the clock on a nearby church struck eight a dozen auctioneers mounted their rostra at various points along the dock. Here and there stood the mates of the trawlers watching the sale of the catch on behalf of the crew. Then there started an amazingly swift auction, with business mainly conducted by nods and mysterious signs. As lots were sold they were carried away, split into consignments, re-boxed, and iced, and loaded into the waiting fish trains and lorries on the other side of the dock. Later in the day the dock authorities showed us the figures. Over 500 tons of fish had been unloaded, sorted, sold, and despatched in some 10,000 different packages to over 2,000 different towns and villages. That is just an ordinary day's work, not like the Wednesday before a Good Friday, when nearly 40,000 packages weighing 1,500 tons have to be got off by fish train, and another 3,000 parcels by ordinary trains direct to consumers! We left the fish dock at 9 a.m. for breakfast—we had fried plaice — and when we returned at 10.30 a.m. the quayside was almost empty of fish and the crews of the trawlers were busy getting ready for another voyage. The bobbers had gone home to bed, the auctioneers and merchants to their offices to make up their books. In a hospital bed the whaleman of the *Constant Friend* lay with his broken leg, and outside the harbour wall a long swell still ran.

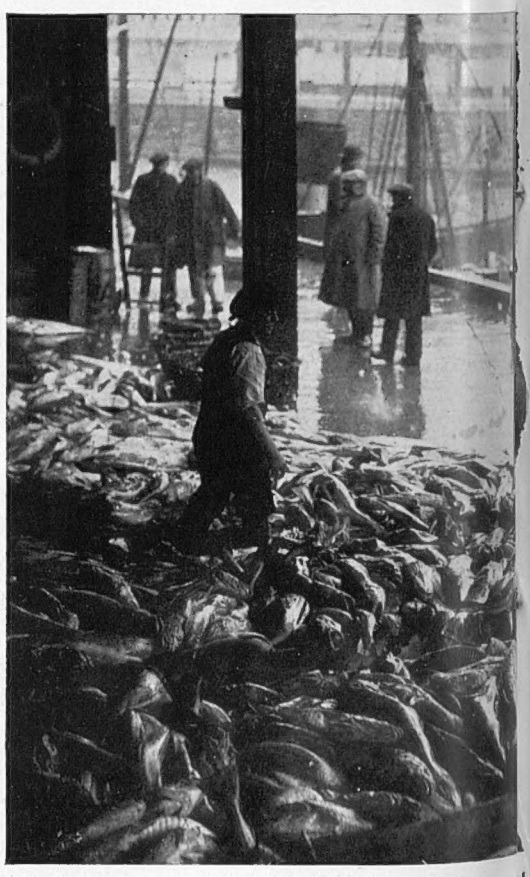
That is the fishing industry as it can be seen at Hull, Grimsby, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Fleetwood, Aberdeen, or any other of the fishing ports round our coasts almost any day. It all looks rather simple, this going out to sea, putting down nets or lines, catching the fish and bringing them home to find their way to the fishmongers' slab or the friers' tank, but behind it all is a story of struggle. A constant physical struggle against the sea and wind. A constant search for fish, and a constant fight against economic odds, against bad season after bad season, even against actual ruin and privation. Such is the fight against economic depression of Britain's sixth industry, representing about £10,000,000 worth of capital, giving employment to over 21,000 fishermen in some 1,700 vessels, and indirect employment to thousands of others in the shipbuilding, engineering, timber, transport, coal, and rope-making industries. Paying over £4,000,000 a year in wages, and using over 3,500,000 tons of coal; supplying a vital portion of the nation's food supplies—over 18,500,000 cwts. of fish valued at about £14,700,000 in 1931—and producing the finest seamen in the world. Yet the industry of which most of us hear the least.

The fishing industry is really two industries in one, the white fish industry and the herring industry. White, or demersal fish, are those which are usually found on the bottom of the sea and are caught by means of trawls and lines. The most important kinds commercially are cod, haddock, plaice, hake, skate, ray, halibut, sole, lemon sole, whiting, and turbot. About three-quarters of the white fish is landed at Hull, Grimsby, and Fleetwood, the greater portion being caught by trawls. They come from fishing grounds that extend from Morocco in the south to the Barents Sea and Bear Island in the north. The North Sea alone yields about 5,000,000 cwts. of fish for British mouths every year. It takes over 30,000 voyages a year, averaging about six days, by ships from English ports, and 18,000 four-day voyages from Scottish ports, to get these fish. About 3,000 voyages, averaging about 19½ days, bring 3,000,000 cwts. of fish from Icelandic waters, and 650 twenty-day voyages 1,000,000 cwts., mainly cod from the Bear Island and Spitzbergen waters. The Scottish waters, the Faroes, and the Barents Sea, a three weeks' voyage, also yield their quota.

It is not difficult to picture what these statistics mean in actual achievement. Sometimes we complain because the Dover-Calais boat is half-an-hour late, and perhaps lunch has not been so enjoyable as it might have been. Imagine then spending three weeks in a trawler in mid-winter, on a 2,000 miles voyage to a fishing ground well within the Arctic Circle, waves sweeping the decks day after day, clothes perpetually damp, ice to be hacked off the hatches and rigging every day, and ever and always the all-pervading smell of fish. Such work requires the same superb courage, daring, and endurance as it did to sweep the seas for mines in four years of war. Every year the British trawlers go farther North, nearer and nearer to the Pole. The boxing fleet, some seventy trawlers who pack their catches into boxes on board and send them by special carriers for daily delivery at Billingsgate, work in the North Sea, and factory ships are being used to develop the Greenland fisheries. The *Arctic Queen* (10,078 tons), the *Arctic Prince* (3,378 tons), and the *Northland* (5,201 tons), are fitted with brine-freezing installations and cold storage. Each of these ships acts as the mothership for a number of trawlers. They freeze the catch, mainly halibut, and keep the fish in cold storage. They stay in the fishing grounds, sending home consignments by carriers. At the end of the season they bring home the residue and lie in dock at Hull or Billingsgate, releasing their cargoes according to the demands of the market.

The herring-fishing industry is considerably different in character from the white fish industry. Herrings swim near the surface, collecting at certain times of the year in shoals, when they are caught in drift nets. These are long walls of netting kept upright in the water by floats on the surface and weights below. The fish swim against them and get fixed in the nets by their gills. Once caught they are perishable—drifters rarely remain away from port for more than twenty-four hours—and on return they are loaded into round baskets holding a quarter of a "cran," which is 3¼ cwts. in Scotland and 3¾ cwts. in England. The industry is mainly Scottish, and Northern fishermen and curers take a leading part in the English fishings. It is also the section of the fishing industry that has suffered most from the economic depression. The fishing is done from steam drifters, motor drifters, many of them converted sailing drifters, and a few remaining sailing drifters. The seasonal nature of the herring fishing necessitates the preservation of the greater part of the catch by various methods of curing. Over 70 per cent. are pickled between June and November, and are exported, mainly to Germany, the Border States, and America. The process is an interesting one to watch. The fresh herrings are gutted by the fisher-girls, sorted into various sizes and packed with salt in barrels. After standing for forty-eight hours or longer, the herrings shrink to the extent of about one-sixth of the original pack. The barrels are filled up with herrings, ends are put in, and they are laid on their sides.

After lying for six to eight days, the pickle is run off through the bung-hole and the barrels are again filled up. The end is put back into the barrel and the original pickle poured back till the barrel is "bung full." About 12 per cent. of the catch is "freshed," which is packing in ice; "bloatered," which is light pickling in brine and light smoking; or "kippered,"



THE DOGGER'S YIELD: A glimpse of the recl The fish is all-Brit

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AT HOME

Littérateur, the Dare-Devil Ace, and the Modern Angel and Half-Beast—in which he himself Delights

had so many. I have founded an open-air theatre. I have founded schools and shops to renew the Italian traditions of the minor arts. I hammer iron, I blow glass, I engrave hard stones. I print with wooden blocks. I colour stuffs. I carve bone and boxwood. I interpret the recipes of Caterina Sforza. I distil perfumes."

And this one who could give Hollywood points in the publicity game, who has carried things in his day the length of tolerating, as it were, invisible publicity agents on the quilt of his amours, also *writes*. He forgot to mention that. He who believes he is not only going to live in literature but that "his passage over the earth is destined to leave a perfume that will endure for ages and ages." Actually, I have it on good authority that his poem *Alcione* ("inspired by mad horse-rides along the coast at Spezzia") is the one thing that may possibly interest posterity. The man himself should, though. It isn't every day, or century, that a nation has cause to rise to such a one; mixture of offensiveness, posturing, artistic dubiousness, and war idol, national lover, founder of a literary school, inspirer of new régime, and, finally, creator of the Vittoriale. Here, to-day, he is engaged upon two tasks, one more grandiose than the other. The first has to do with Mussolini's official publication, at a cost of some £70,000, of the *Opera Omnia*, of the poet, totalling forty volumes containing eighty works, about a quarter of which have never been printed before. Who will read this mountain remains to be seen, since d'Annunzio has never held a considerable public even with the better acclaimed of his works—*Il Fuoco*, *Forse che si*, *La Citta Morta*, *Il Piacere*, to name a few. Now he is weirdly, nervously busy touching up the whole formidable collection under four heads: poems of love and glory, prose novels, tragedies, mysteries and dramas, and fourthly, writings of "research, fighting, command, conquest, torment, divination, celebration, vindication, liberation." Much of this fourth category should emanate from his autobiography which he is writing simultaneously with assiduous *Opera Omnia* proof-reading.

THE HERO: d'Annunzio in the rôle of the beribboned and uniformed hero who struts ceaselessly as much for his own edification as for that of the pilgrims who visit his shrine

Every proof has to be passed by him three times, and during the passages to and fro, the author is wont to show how he hates himself by adding such annotations as, "Imprimatur, Gabriele d'Annunzio, enthusiastic of himself, night of September 18, 1929." One proof sheet of *Forse che si* was found to have this: "It is six o'clock in the morning. The cock crows out to the dawn, but to my joy. Yet my pride is disturbed by a feeling of sadness. I thought I could surpass this stupendous prose in my later books. Perhaps it is an illusion." The autobiography will just be called, "Life of Gabriele d'Annunzio, Master of all Arts and of All Trades."

The poet has to lower his head to get into his study—bows to his own wonderful talent. No one else gets in at all. It is far too sacrosanct for that—this brain-box of half a genius, half a joke. But one may discern inside a high lectern as the chief article of furniture, since d'Annunzio has always worked standing, while on the walls and strewn about are not very quiet-making war relics: revolvers, bombs, bayonets. The poet fasts before a fit of writing, when he will write on and on, filling large foolscap sheets with his big, bold, lightning fist, for perhaps twelve hours on end. No one may even knock then. Should inspiration momentarily cease, he will dash next door and soothe himself at an organ. Should it dry up altogether, an angry little monkey of a man may elect to career madly round lake Garda on his wartime submarine-chaser.

I was forgetting a very eloquent feature of the study—a row of many-coloured inks. With these, d'Annunzio is accustomed to mark passages in the works of others which gain his favour, and it is an open secret that in due course such ideas are reclothed in the poet's very own and special gorgeousness. No living master of literature has been so suspect of plagiarism as he.

To come now to the Vittoriale, to the life led there, and by whom, the first thing that occurs is that d'Annunzio's description of the place as a peasant's cottage is all my eye. Furthermore, that the popular foreign picture of the poet as a recluse-gone-queer-and-buried-alive is equally wide of the mark. And that the notion of d'Annunzio having monastically eschewed forever the good things down here below, is widest of all off the target. He is old, he is tired, his creative faculty is gone, he must dump himself somewhere and he has chosen a glorious mountain-side, at Italy's warmest winter spot, overlooking a fashionable Riviera, within fast autostrade reach of half a dozen cities, and as for the "peasant's cottage," the spreading Vittoriale has all the modern trappings and is the resort of a continuous and quite worldly flow of admirers — read "pilgrims" — of both sexes, but chiefly fine-looking officers who were quite young in the war days and who now can transmit, in talking their war "shop," a suggestion of their own virility to the jaded one.

Three red cars came in and out in a short period while I was there, and it was a rotten, rainy day. Apparently red cars signify close adherents of the place. There is not an atom of suggestion of the cloister about the Vittoriale; it is in a gay garden whose trees vie with Grecian pillars, whose babbling brook finds an echo in the strange jests d'Annunzio has perpetrated all about. What *has* happened is that this half-beast, half archangel, has spotted a good thing, alive for his own vanity and pocket, in tethering himself (luxuriously) in a sort of when-I-am-gone museum-like setting the salient feature of which is the tomb. He is indulging a final and crowning orgy of self in making of his retreat such a fantastical medley of the flesh and the spirit, some might say of the sane and insane, as must assuredly remain for long a *succès de curiosité* with countless tourists as it should for all 100 per cent. singers of Roma sopra tutte.

THE FEMININE ELEMENT is never far from d'Annunzio's life, even in the moods of dare-devil, patriot, or poet. He recalls (possibly advisedly) Marc Antony who veered from moment to moment between the Epicurean of Rome and the Spartan of the camp

Not in our time has mortal made such a song and dance about death as Gabriele d'Annunzio who wishes so to impregnate with his person (spirit) the show place he will bequeath that only the fleshly part of him will really have succumbed; in his view, he will still be more than half alive, and here re-enters a patriotism which can hardly be challenged. He has chosen his burial place, in the Vittoriale, right close up to the Germanic border so that any future fighting is bound to be round and about it, he believing Italians would die to a man rather than yield his tomb to aliens. Yet patriotism has surely run daft here, to bring about such self-saturation.

Whether the poet really believes he is far ahead of any other man in tasting life's sensations, and that therefore every particle of his daily being should be thankfully preserved and handed down, or whether the business is a colossal pose reminiscent of Benvenuto Cellini — and our archangel borrows freely from those boastful, gaudy times—is hard to define closely. There is much of the mountebank, admitted, yet when mortal falls so violently in love with himself as d'Annunzio has done, and when he also has had unquestioned great successes in love and life, it may be balance is lost and that the fellow does think himself the contemporary superman.

The Vittoriale is an incoherent jumble of architecture, now classical, now modern, and of outbuildings dotted between tall cypress, giant palms, and hanging foliage. Its owner adds constantly as the mood takes him, his vehicle being Carlo Maroni, "The Master of Stone." Carlo is the head of a staff of two dozen, principally craftsmen and apprentices, engaged in the shops, glassblowers, goldsmiths, woodcarvers, and so on, and on the strength of whose work a certain revenue is hauled in from buyers who are ardent souls. To offset the pagan sumptuousness of much that goes on, the poet calls his staff by monk's or nun's names prefixed by "fra" or "suor." The rooms are called after the monastery. The dining-room is "the Cenacolo," the chief living-room is "the Oratory," the bed-rooms are "cells," the residential wing is "the Priory." All take meals in the refectory, with the poet as prior, and alone having the right to initiate conversation. A different brother or sister says grace each day. The attendants are monastically garbed. At these meals the fare is believed to be Franciscan; but there are said to be other occasions, when it distinctly is not.

(*Continued on p. 82*)

The SPHERE SURVEYS the WORLD

Curious Actions, Legal and Climatic, in America: Armour in Modern War: Children's Paradise in Paris: The Apple Fair in Normandy

BROTHERS IN LAW! Mr. Leopold McLaglen (left), is bringing a suit against his brother, Mr. Victor McLaglen (right), on the grounds that the latter has ruined his chances of obtaining work on the films. He is claiming from the star, who played Captain Flagg in "What Price Glory?" ninety thousand dollars—some £23,000 at the present rate. The defendant has stated "There is room for only one McLaglen in the United States, and that's me"—a phrase which suggests that long residence in America has impaired Mr. Victor McLaglen's English as much as his sense of fair play

AERIAL HONEYMOON AND BREACH ACTION IN A WEEK: Mr. Leslie Fenton, the Anglo-Irish-American film actor, and his film-actress bride, Miss Ann Dvorak, who flew to Yuma, Arizona, where they were married, and flew thereafter to Agua Caliente, Mexico, for the honeymoon. Within a few hours of their return, Miss Julie Carter, a nineteen-year-old actress, entered a suite for breach of promise against the happy bridegroom for the sum of £50,000

ARMOUR RETURNS IN MODERN WAR: One of the new bullet-proof vests which made their appearance on the front at Kiang Wang, worn by Major-General Hiroyuki Machara. With the success that attended the "tin hat" there has been a retrograde military movement towards the armour of medievalism

SPRING WINDS IN THE "WINDY CITY": Chicago, city of anomalies, which, although one of the wealthiest communities in the world, yet has no money to pay its municipal employees, fulfilled its contradictory reputation by enjoying (?) a severe blizzard at the opening of Spring. Motor-cars were held up in the snow-drifts, and the official poverty of the city (owing to a crooked tax-assessment being declared illegal and the time taken to re-assess the city) renders clearing the street a serious problem

HIS MOST CATHOLIC MAJESTY King Alfonso attended Easter service in the tenth-century village church at Avon, near Fontainebleau. The King drove to the church in a Ford car and was accompanied by the Infanta Beatriz and the Infante Don Jaime. King Alfonso is seen above in informal dress chatting with a friend surrounded by curious villagers

THE CHILDREN'S PARADISE IN PARIS: One section of that fashionable parade of the French capital—the Champs Elysées—is devoted to children and their pastimes. Donkey rides and sand pits among other amusements have been organized for the younger generation. Two very charming vignettes of this section are seen above both of which are instinct with a curiously Gallic atmosphere

CONNOISSEURS, CIDER, AND CALVADOS: A cider competition was held the other day at Vimontiers, and was entitled "Cider Day." Its purpose was to determine that community in Normandy which produces the finest type of the apple drink. Calvados, the heady "apple-jack" or, more correctly, apple brandy, of Normandy also "went before the board" for judgment. This competition coincided with the Foire aux Pommes—the Apple Fair which dates back to William the Conqueror. In the progress of the fête, a wreath was placed at the foot of the monument to Madame Marie Harel, to whom all epicures owe the debt of the invention of Camembert cheese. This picture shows characteristic types of French wine-tasters sampling bottle after bottle of cider or Calvados to determine the excellent among so many good entries; *above on right* is another typical French study—the Norman poet, M. Adrien Ridel, declaiming the praises of and pouring a libation to the immortal memory of Mme Harel, whose statue, in the cap and apron of the district, was later decorated

BIRDS · IN PHOTOGRAPHY

KEEPING WARM: Five young storks have their home on the chimney of a German house. When an old nest to which they returned for many Springs was rebuilt, a pair of baby's shoes was found in it!

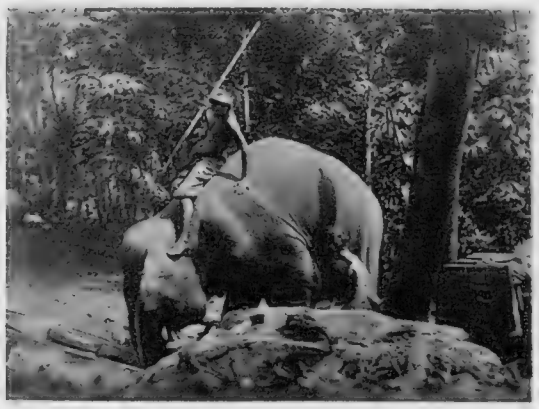
TRYING ITS WINGS: A young blue heron—a bird erroneously known to the children of America as the stork—caught by the camera leaving its nest for its first trial flight

A PRIZE-WINNING PICTURE: This study of storks on a chimney won the gold medal for the finest Nature photograph taken in 1931 in the Kodak competition

The three pictures in this column show studies of one of the shyest of birds. The traditional stork myth received confirmation when a pair of baby's shoes was found in an old nest

THY SERVANT, THE ELEPHANT

AFFIXING THE "HANDLE" to the sledge on which was a 6-ft.-diameter flywheel which an elephant dragged for 4½ miles. The "handle" consisted of a chain to which thick liana creeper was attached



TIPPING CLEAR: Arrived at the destination, the elephant, under his *mahout's* orders, put his snout down to tip the wheel off its carriage, but owing to slippery ground failed to do so

TEETH—NOT TUSKS are the means by which an elephant drags heavy burdens for distances, the trunk being used as a hand to adjust the weight, or a foot to cover difficult ground

KICKING CLEAR: Owing to the slippery ground, the elephant could not shove the wheel off the sledge, so he kicked the sledge, like a "soccer" ball, clear of its heavy load

Elephants are employed a great deal on rubber and tea estates in Ceylon for heavy haulage work and for pulling up tree stumps in the clearings. Contrary to the popular idea, an elephant does not use his trunk so much as his teeth for lifting or carrying weights, unless he be a tusker, when he will use his tusks to bear the weight and his trunk to steady the object. Tuskers are rare in Ceylon owing to the lack of lime in the soil. All evolutions the great beast carry out—four of which in the course of one task are shown above—are performed at the verbal command of the *mahout* who usually sits on the elephant's neck. Their control is as remarkable as the animal's intelligence

GULLS GALORE

BLACK AND WHITE: Gulls with their black-head plumage have been occupying the same abutment on the Thames Embankment during the late Winter and the early Spring of this year

WATCHING AND WAITING: Owing to wintry weather, sea-birds hugged the shore in early Spring. These white-headed adult gulls are awaiting the arrival of a trawler at Aberdeen

"THE DOGGER FILLS WITH COD"—AND GULLS: White-headed gulls with black wing-tips swoop round the trawlers at work in the North Sea

The flurry of gulls that is ever to be seen off shore in rough weather has provided photographers this year with many opportunities. The gulls are shown in ther white and black head plumage

MR. HARRY PRESTON, to whom the improved social status of the Ring is largely due

THE L.S.D. OF PRIZE-FIGHTING

An Insight into the Finance of One of the Most Speculative Enterprises and One in which Brawn is Coined into Hard Cash

By CHARLES GRAVES

The scene is a West End hotel. In the lounge a very large man in a blue suit is talking to three pretty Italian girls. Coming through the swing doors is a buck negro, and in the reading-room a slim, dark-eyed American is talking to a middle-aged Englishman. The negro walks past the big man, whom he affects not to see, and goes into the reading-room. The American starts to wave a sheaf of white papers. The Englishman gets rather expressive with his hands and arms. The negro stands gangling beside him. The big man is called to the telephone. The American goes to the other end of the reading-room. The negro and the Englishman start to argue. Then the American joins them again, and the big man returns from the telephone to his girl friends. As you can guess from the title of this article, the negro is Larry Gains, the American is Jeff Dickson, the big man is Carnera, the hotel is the Savoy, and the middle-aged Englishman is Gains's manager. Leon See, the tiny manager of Carnera, is still finishing his cigar and liqueur in the grill room. He can afford to, although less than two-and-a-half years ago when he and his giant charge came over for a preliminary fight at the Albert Hall they were paid the joint sum of £100, to include railway fare, hotel bill, prize money, and training expenses.

That night Carnera came to the Albert Hall from a little Soho restaurant, kept by a friend of Leon See, in a second-hand overcoat and odd shoes. When he had knocked Jack Stanley out in a few seconds, everyone realized that a new light had dawned on the financial horizon of the boxing world. In two years it is estimated that Carnera has earned for himself and his syndicate of managers no less a sum than £300,000, of which he has been able to keep at least £40,000 for himself deposited in a small bank at his native village of Sequale, near Venice. To-day he is earning more money than any three other fighters you like to think of. This week, before his fight with Don McCorkindale, he has been giving exhibitions at Bradford, Leeds, Manchester, and elsewhere at the rate of £500 a night. For Carnera breaks every rule of a prize-fighter. Before his victory over George Cook he gave exhibitions at Stoke and Leicester. For his bouts with four different men there he received £800. For his fight with Cook he was paid 25 per cent. of the gate with a guarantee of £2,000. He will have got the same again for his fight with McCorkindale. When he fought Stribling at the Albert Hall he was paid £3,600. For his return fight in Paris he received £4,000. Such is the £ s. d. of the prize-ring from the point of view of the prize-fighter.

Carnera was first discovered by Paul Journet, the former heavy-weight champion of France, when he was a handy man at a circus. He had run away from home—imagine Carnera running away from anything—because he did not want to be a mosaic worker like his brothers and his father and all the males of his family for generations. Journet made a contract with him whereby he received 12½ per cent. of all the giant Italian's earnings in the ring. Later he sold that interest to Leon See for £11,000 in cash. Jeff Dickson also had a cut of it. That is to say, he took a 10 per cent. intetest in all Carnera's earnings over £10,000. But according to his friend, Trevor Wignall, the sporting writer, he has not touched a penny of this. In America Carnera's boxing destinies are controlled by two of the most famous gangsters in New York—Ownie Madden and Bill Duffy. They say that Madden is the toughest customer in the United States. It is certain that he and his partner help themselves to a goodly proportion of the earnings of "the big wop" as they call him. In America a boxer's manager usually gets 25 per cent. on the boxer's earnings—Kearns, Dempsey's manager, actually went fifty-fifty with him—which seems a pretty high proportion.

At the present minute, however, it would appear that Carnera is rapidly fighting himself out of employment, at least on this side of the Atlantic—quite apart from the menace of the varicose vein behind his left knee. People are not going to pay much money or come in large crowds to see him slaughter fighters who have no chance against him. Jeff Dickson lost £1,200 as a result of the Cook-Carnera fight, and though a number of people imagine that McCorkindale has much more chance than the veteran Australian, I doubt very much whether Dickson will make a profit on the forthcoming fight. Indeed, Dickson is said to have made money on only three of his fights so far.

Before we go into this, however, let us look at that other dramatic irruption into the big money—that of Don McCorkindale. This is the story of McCorkindale. He had come over from South Africa, and after picking up a manager (who has since left the country) he was matched to fight an American called Joe Woods at Leicester. But he was beaten so badly that the audience laughed. After that, he only managed to get one or two small fights—against men like Gipsy Daniels, Don Shortland, and Harry Crossley. He beat them and got some kind of a reputation again. Whereupon he proceeded to challenge the world. Larry Gains, whose home is in Liecester, and who is the local idol, contemptuously said, "O.K.," and offered to make him his sparring partner. This was no good to McCorkindale, who came to London and was in such low water that he ate at coffee stalls. At that time Jeff Dickson, who was in Paris, was looking for a good fight to stage in London. "A Canadian coon, called Larry Gains, is pretty good," Trevor Wignall told him, and Dickson promptly matched him against Heine Muller, who, paradoxically enough, is the official German heavy-weight champion (Schmeling not holding this title). The fight was fixed, but Muller was incapacitated, and Dickson decided to call it off. Then Ted Broadribb, his London manager, telephoned to him in Berlin and urged him not to do so. Broadribb, when he fought under the name of Young Snowball, was the only Englishman who ever beat Carpentier. He said that while he was making up his card at his offices in Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, a young heavy-weight had come in and asked for a fight or a job as a programme seller—anything. He went on to say that he had signed him up for one of the preliminary bouts for £30 to fight a German novice, and that since seeing him in training he thought that he could be put on in the main bout against Gains, Jeff Dickson reluctantly agreed. McCorkindale—for it was he, of course—was promised an extra £90, and the fight took place. I do not know how many of you were there. I was. It went the full distance, and though it looked as though the negro was bound to win in the third or fourth round, McCorkindale's courage upheld him, and he actually fought a draw.

At least, that was the decision, though I think the negro won. It was a terrific fight and, moreover, McCorkindale was a very sick man. At once the romance of it all seized the public imagination, with the result that McCorkindale was able to command £1,500 for the return fight. You see how a boxer's earnings can go up by geometric progression. For his fight with Carnera he will have received about the same. Thus McCorkindale has gone from a few shillings in his pocket to £120, and from that to two sums of £1,500 within a few weeks. What his earning capacity will be after this last fight of his remains to be seen.

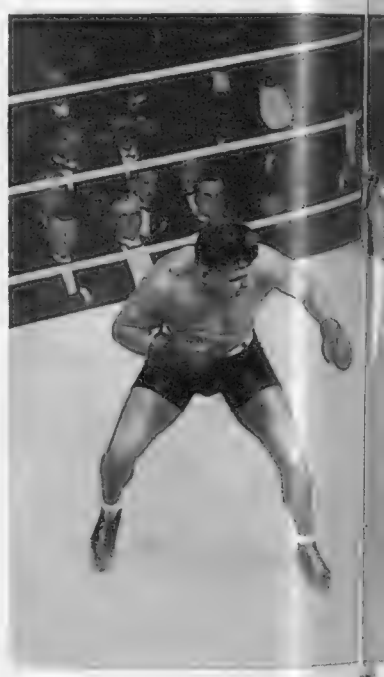
The truth of the matter is that every boxer has a certain number of fights under his belt. After that his powers of resistance are weakened. Some can last longer than others. It looks as though Kid Berg, who earned about £20,000 in two or three years, is already past his prime, so many hidings he received in the United States. Kid Lewis was tougher and earned a little over £60,000 during his long career. Billy Wells came just before the days of big money, but he made several thousands, and now runs the Mayfair Hotel in Down Street (not to be confused with the May Fair of Berkeley Square). Jimmy Wilde's first purse in London was 30s. For his last fight in London he got £8,000, for his last fight—in Chicago—he got £16,000. When he retired from the ring he had £37,000 safely banked in Cardiff, but Jimmy White was his friend and, two days before he committed suicide, persuaded him to invest it all in one of his undertakings. Jimmy Wilde now lives by writing boxing articles and doing a certain amount of refereeing. Refereeing a big fight is paid at the rate of £50.

Major Wilson, has a book which contains the prices paid for the various boxers under his management, when he was a manager for Mr. C. B. Cochran. He once paid Carpentier £32,000 for three fights, he says. In this book you can see entries showing that Johnny Basham, ultimately the welter-weight champion of the world, was content in his early days with sums like £4 10s.

Mr. C. B. Cochran, who for seven years after the War was the star promoter in this country, thinks that there is as much money in boxing as ever, despite the fact that we have no great personalities any longer in the ring. The last fight he promoted was between Mickey Walker and Tommy Milligan. Unfortunately, Jimmy White died the day before the bout, and as a result Mr. Cochran lost £15,000 that evening. For everybody was thinking about the financier's suicide and wondering how they themselves would be affected. (Mr. Cochran has disclosed this week that he paid Walker no less a sum than £20,000 to fight.) For it is one of the oddities of the boxing public that it will wait until the last twenty-four hours before it buys its seats. Men who have said for weeks "never again" line up excitedly in the queue to buy their tickets.

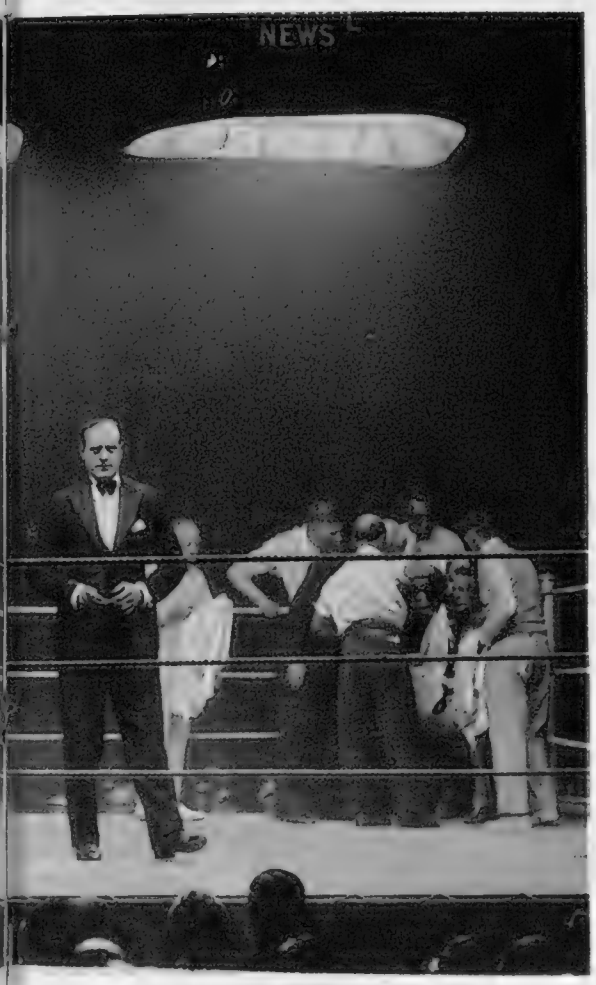
Mr. Cochran was also

THE "AMBLING ALP" RESPONDS to the cheers th and so furious and effective wa stopped the figh

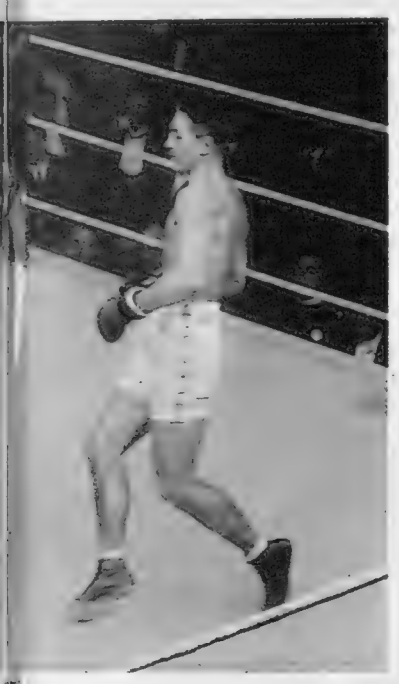


WHEN 25,000 PEOPL The Carpentier – Becke Stadium that fasci

BRAINS AND BRAWN: Mr. Leon See and Carnera, two of the most remarkable figures in the Ring of to-day



greeted his victory at the Albert Hall over Reggie Meen, the Italian's boxing that the referee in the second round



CREATED A £31,000 GATE: match at the Holborn but a few seconds

responsible for the biggest receipts in the history of English boxing. He took no less than £31,000 at the fight between Carpentier and Joe Beckett at the Holborn Stadium, although it only holds 2,500 people. Fight fans paid £5 for standing room and twenty-five guineas for ring-side seats, and the promoter could have sold another thousand if he had had them to sell. That fight lasted a few seconds, and at least two hundred people say that it was while they were picking up their programmes, which had dropped to the floor, that the fight began and ended. For that fight Joe Beckett was paid £3,000 and Carpentier received £5,000. As for Mr. Cochran who, incidentally, "stood" a bet of £1,200 on Beckett—well, you can see that he did very nicely.

Phil Scott got £3,500 for falling down in front of Stribling. To-day he runs a hair-dressing establishment in order, Tom Webster suggests, to be able to say that he really can stand over another man. "I never thought anything of Phil Scott," Mr. Cochran told me, "and I never promoted a fight in which he took part. One of the curiosities of boxing is that it needs something more than scientific interest in it to draw the crowd. There must be an element of patriotism—such as the wish to see Wells or Beckett beat a Frenchman like Carpentier—before the big money really comes along. Another fact which cannot be disregarded is that the public will pay much more money to see heavy weights than welters or middle weights, or even a marvel like Jimmy Wilde. When you have matched a couple of real top-notchers, it does not matter within reason, how much it costs you to promote it. You will make a handsome profit. I made money on all my big fights except the Mickey Walker affair, and that was purely due to the suicide of Jimmy White. But one good man will not make a fight. Carnera by himself cannot draw the real crowd, even though he is what I call a stunt rather than a boxer. It is true that people would flock to see Carpentier, and would follow Billy Wells, despite defeat after defeat. But they were exceptional cases. To-day Jeff Dickson has no outstanding English boxers who show any signs of becoming world beaters, unless Petersen is the man. If one appeared on the horizon he would be worth thousands of pounds to himself, his manager, and the promoter."

This last week there was great excitement through the boxing world in connection with the fight at Cardiff between Charlie Smith of Deptford and Jack Petersen, the young Welsh-Danish boxer. "If Petersen wins decisively," Trevor Wignall said to me, "he will be an absolute gold mine." That fight was certainly dramatic on the eventualities it was likely to open up. Poor Charlie Smith, my favourite boxer, knew that he would be relegated to the ranks of third-raters if he lost badly. Petersen knew that he was set on the immediate path leading to championship honours if he won. As it turned out, Petersen has got the fight-fans by the tail. He is said to be as good looking and intelligent as Carpentier, and if he is "built up" properly, he may turn out to be the champion whom we have all been waiting for.

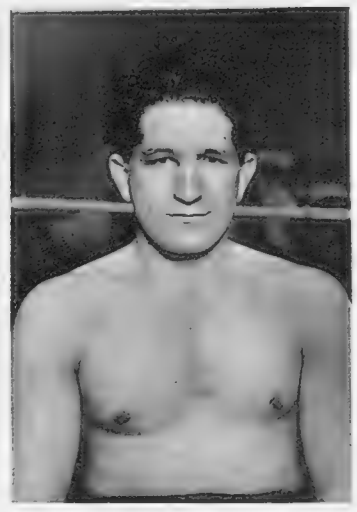
That there is a lot of money in prize-fighting, although the days of the very big purses have gone, is undeniable. Big Jack Pettifer, who was never any good and had been a kitchen-hand at one of Lyons' establishments, earned £4,000 in a little more than a year. There was a good deal of preliminary ballyhoo about him. This, together with his height of six feet eight inches, enabled his manager to charge sixpence a head for admission to see him giving exhibition bouts on the pier at Brighton all through the summer. That bubble is presumably burst, but it was pleasantly iridescent while it lasted. Then take the case of Desmond Jeans, the "monocled boxer." The ballyhoo attending his début in the ring, together with his eyeglass, enabled him to get £200 a week from the Stoll circuit. He was a complete second-rater as a boxer. And yet, thanks to his boxing (?) career, and to nothing else, he has recently been earning £40 a day on the films, acting with Adolphe Menjou. For he has turned out to be quite good at this. Victor McLaglen, by contrast, was not quite as bad a boxer, although he was no good either, but thanks to his ring career he managed to break into Hollywood—and now look at the money he has been earning ever since.

The £ s. d. of boxing cannot be judged, you see, merely on the cash from the actual encounters. Quite apart from the profits of the sale of programmes, the rights of the moving pictures, and the ordinary photographs of the big bouts, there are other considerations—particularly where the boxer is concerned. Jack Bloomfield was a corporal in the Army before he went into the fight business. He was never a top-notcher. But his ring connections have enabled him to run a very prosperous public-house in Leicester Square and another in Whitechapel. Keeping a public-house, together with odd £50 jobs as a referee, is what the retired prize-fighter usually chooses as a second career. Jimmy Wilde, it is true, tried bookmaking for a time, and I can recall Joe Beckett laying me the odds at Lewes, too. But, generally speaking, the prize-fighter goes into the public-house business, like Matt Wells, and many others. They can talk in the bar of their former exploits. They occasionally persuade coming young fighters to train at their quarters, and they live very comfortably.

TRAINING TO PROMOTE? Mr. Jeff Dickson, the promoter, keeps fit. He is said to have made money on only three fights

Promoters can be successful or the reverse. Major Wilson is to-day down on his luck. The fight that finished him was the one between Gibbons and Bloomfield at Wembley. The newspapers said that 30,000 people were present. Actually the number was about 8,000. Jeff Dickson (Jefferson Davis Dickson on his passport) controls the Silver Ring, a very successful bar in Montmartre, and also the Palace of Sports (formerly the Velodrome d'hiver) in Paris. Two week-ends ago, to give you an example, more than 120,000 people paid admission to skate, to watch ice-hockey and Cossacks, to listen to grand opera, to see a prize-fight, and to meet their friends there. There is ice skating in the morning; then the ice is removed and the Cossacks give a mounted show; the ice is put back and there is a women's ice-hockey match; it is removed again and there is a grand opera or a prize-fight.

Jeff Dickson is a man of mystery. His story has never been told. He and I were sitting in the lounge at the Savoy just before Gains arrived. I asked him what he paid Cook for his fight with Carnera. "That's a lot of bunk," he said. "No one except Cook is interested in that. But when I come back for the McCorkindale fight I'll tell you all about myself. Last night I was in the centre of 5,000 Englishmen at the Albert Hall. To-morrow night I shall be with 15,000 Frenchmen watching a fight in Paris. Two nights later I shall be with 8,000 Germans at a bout in Berlin. You are all different. Next week I will tell you why. Here in London I wear a tail coat. There is a reason for that, and another reason for my wearing or not wearing a dinner jacket in Paris or Berlin. In each capital, and in Spain too, I go round with different sets of people. A promoter who wants to be financially successful must be very careful in all kinds of ways. Different nationalities look at boxing in totally different ways. They want different kinds of fights, too."



THE LION OF THE RING: Don McCorkindale, who made such a splendid show against Larry Gains

Jeff Dickson was in the baseball game once upon a time. In the War he was an airman-photographer with the American Expeditionary Force. He wears the ribbon of the Legion of Honour, talks French, German, Spanish, and Russian, and makes a lot of money though he is chary about talking of it.

Mr. Cochran, who is out of it now, is quite ready to give facts and figures, and they make very interesting reading. In February, 1919, he staged a meeting between Wells and Beckett. Wells asked for £1,000 and got £600. Cochran expected to get Beckett for £100, but he insisted on £600 also. The gate was £3,344. The preliminary fights only cost £30, so there was a nice profit. A month later he paid Jack Bloomfield £30 to fight in a preliminary bout. A few weeks later he signed up Jimmy Wilde and Pal Moore for their fight at Olympia. The receipts were £14,205 8s. 6d.; the purse was £5,000—60 per cent. for the winner and 40 per cent. for the loser. The Prince of Wales made his appearance on this occasion. In recent years he has not attended prize-fights much. But when he has announced his decision to come, the profits have leapt up enormously.

At this stage, one must make mention of Harry Preston, who has been of incalculable value to promoters. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and Prince George have been his guests on many occasions. Sir Malcolm Campbell, Sir Godfrey Thomas, all sorts and conditions of celebrities dine with him before big fights, and then occupy the ring-side seats. Their dinner jackets and tail coats, their evident prosperity and reputation, has lent what was formerly a badly needed air of distinction to prize-fights. It is largely due to Harry Preston that boxing has ascended from the Walworth Road and Blackfriars until the daughters of peers and the wives of Guards officers, accompanied by their husbands, make their appearance at the Albert Hall.

What does the Albert Hall cost to hire for a fight? Well, as a result of the fact that he holds monthly and often fortnightly bouts there, Jeff Dickson is able to hire it for £500 a night. Unfortunately for him, there are something like 1,700 hereditary box and seat holders, whose boxes and seats are their property whatever the occasion. These they entrust to the ticket agencies before a fight to sell for them on a commission basis. As a result, the Albert Hall, which can hold 6,000 people seated, cannot hope to bring in more than £5,000 in the way of receipts to the promoter, and often it is not more than £3,000. Which makes one wonder why an astute man like Jeff Dickson still uses it. Of course, it has a reputation as a fighting centre. But so has Olympia—when available—and one can pack 14,000 people into it.

Despite all this, the experts say that there is as much money in boxing as ever there was—particularly now that Petersen seems to have arrived. The public love a right-hand punch, especially if it puts a man out twenty seconds before the end of a fifteen-round bout. Petersen was only getting £5 for his fights a few weeks ago. He was paid £275 for his fight against Charlie Smith. He will receive more than a £1,000 if there is a return fight. If, further, he can train on from his 12 stone 7 lb. to something over 14 stone (and, as he is only twenty years old, there is no reason why he should not) he may earn £50,000 or £60,000 in the next five or six years. Such is the romance of the fight game. But for the real £ s. d. of boxing in this country there is one bout which, if it can be arranged, will draw £100,000 in a single night. I hear that Jeff Dickson hopes to match Schmeling against Carnera at the White City. It is thought that 80,000 seats can be arranged for it. All of us who have seen the big wop thrashing his way home at the Albert Hall would pay big money to see how a normal man like Schmeling would make mincemeat of him. For Schmeling crushed Sharkey, and Sharkey beat Carnera. That would be the fight of the decade, and in view of the depression in America and the return of prosperity to this country, there is every likelihood of its being staged here. Schmeling would probably want £50,000 and Carnera another £15,000, but it would still leave a fat dividend for Jeff Dickson.

Goody, what a fight that would be.

OLD CUSTOMS PRESERVED

HOLIDAY DRESS IN TRANSYLVANIA: A scene in a village church in the Rumanian province showing the segregation of the sexes. Unmarried women wear hats of unique design; matrons only the *marama* or head-veil

A UNIQUE VILLAGE DANCE: A picture of the *Sardana* being danced in Camprodon. It is known solely in the Catalan Pyrenees—a region which specializes in preserving relics of antiquity

THE INVESTITURE OF A BISHOP: The scene at Roermond, Holland, when Monsignor Lemmens was ceremonially installed in the Cathedral. The crozier and device of the retiring bishop, Monsignor Schrijnen, are seen above

THE "HORA" ON THE VILLAGE GREEN: The inhabitants of a village near Bucharest perform one of their famous national folk-dances. The men wear white tunics with a broad belt

SAUSAGE RIDING: An annual event in two German villages consists of a horse race, the winner of which receives a silver *wurst*, half a boar's head, a loaf of bread, and a barrel of beer. He retains the silver sausage if he wins the event for two successive years

THE ARTS OF THE CENTRAL AMERICAS

IN BURNED CLAY: The Seated Goddess—a superb piece on view at the recently opened exhibition of American art in Berlin. On right is a male head in stone. The remarkably high standard achieved in the Central Provinces rivals that of the Peru of the Inca period and has been adduced to prove the inter-relation and the inter-dependence of the cultures of the South with those of the more northern areas

THE TEMPLE OF THE WARRIORS: The magnificent facade of a high-light of Toltec art in Chichen Itza, Yucatan. The "schools" of Central American art paralleled closely those of the Peruvian civilization. In Greater Mexico, which includes Yucatan, there are relics of Ancient Toltec, Toltec, and Aztec art which followed in that sequence, and may be paralleled with the Maya art of the more easterly districts. The culture of Peru, Yucatan, and Mexico all are held by Professor Walter Lehmann of Berlin to derive from a common source—a theory supported by their style of dating their monuments—and furthermore to have borrowed freely from one another in their several developments—an hypothesis sustained by various patterns being duplicated in various far-removed districts. The ola religion was comparatively pure

FUNERAL IN CHINA

A COUNTRY FUNERAL: A cortège crossing the bridge over the Wenchow River. The gigantic figure on the span recalls the fantasies of the Nice carnival. Made usually of plaster, highly painted, the figures represent the guardian spirits of the dead—those to frighten away the evil spirits that disturb, according to Taoism, the rest of the departed. Such figures are sometimes armed with cardboard weapons covered in tinfoil

AN URBAN FUNERAL: An impressive procession drawn by relays of coolies. Such is the weight of the coffin that it sways perilously as groups of worn-out bearers give place to others. Huge bamboo poles are slung beneath the catafalque so that as many bearers as possible may crowd beneath. Only hired men go to the journey's end, travelling with a practised easy lope that detracts from the dignity of the occasion

A CATAFALQUE OF MAGNIFICENCE: The old tradition that a Chinese would starve himself in life to lavish money on his funeral still obtains in certain sections of the life of Cathay as bank notes—usually spurious—are sometimes burned at the graveside in pursuit of this idea. *On left* is a close-up view of one of the guardian images which are borne in the obsequies to cast out evil spirits which might disturb the repose of the dead man's soul

Coffin shops in Canton are as numerous as drug-stores on Coney Island. Death provides a flourishing living for thousands in China.

A Chinese funeral is something of a Chinese paradox. When one has voyaged up the Yangtse Kiang and seen yellow bodies by the thousand, victims of the widespread floods and famine, floating towards the Yellow Sea, death seems a trivial business. But for the Chinaman with real money to spend and fake money to burn, a funeral can be an affair of splendid pageantry.

It was in Shanghai that I saw my first Chinese funeral. Examining some jade carvings in a little shop I suddenly became aware that the eternal shuffling of the millions of feet was being punctuated by the rhythmic beat of a drum. Boom, boom, boom! I looked up, inquiringly, at the bespectacled Chinaman in the shop.

"Big feller funeral," said the old man, calmly.

I stood in the doorway of his shop to see this Chinese cavalcade. A band led the procession. A glorious medley of strange instruments, played by solemn-faced Orientals, this band let loose a bizarre cacophony that would have made Schönberg envious. Whistles, shrieks, and groans rose in the air only to be devastated by the thumping sobs of the drum.

After the band came the coffin. It was a gorgeously-painted, multi-coloured catafalque carried palanquin fashion on the shoulders of men. And the number of sweating men, shuffling and struggling in a sort of half-run beneath the catafalque, was astonishing. There must have been thirty at least.

Half a dozen of these bearers were coolies, paid for this duty. Their drab, blue slops, open at the neck, and the bowed whipcord of their bodies betrayed them as life-long beasts of burden. But other mourners, dressed in the white robes of relatives, or the purple robes of friends, also bowed their backs beneath the burden of the catafalque. It is considered a mark of dignified respect to the dead to have as many coffin bearers as possible. Huge bamboo poles are slung beneath the catafalque so that as many bearers as possible may crowd beneath. But such is the weight of this enormous decorative coffin that it sways perilously on its journey as groups of worn-out bearers give place to others. Only the paid coolies go on to the journey's end. And they carry it forward with that easy lope that suggests it is a cinematic funeral with the camera handle turned at indecent haste.

After the struggling, jostling throng thrusting the catafalque along come the other mourners. Most of them were gowned in purple or white robes, their sleek black hair covered with white caps, and their yellow faces as impassive and as inscrutable as ever. The women of the family whose tightly-bound feet did not permit them to walk, lounged behind in rickshaws pulled by coolies.

Men carried banners with strange Chinese inscriptions decorating them. Then came the huge, pot-bellied lanterns that are a feature in any Chinese procession. Also more coolies staggering beneath giant, nightmare figures that even the designers of those fantastic giants of carnival processions in Nice could not have imagined. These fierce-looking images, many of them just plaster and paint, are the guardians of the dead. They are meant to frighten away those evil spirits who would desecrate the last resting place of the believer in Taoism. Often, cardboard weapons are also carried in these processions, swords and spears made to look terrible by coatings of silver paper. These also will be left with the giant figures in order to defend the dead. Somewhere in this procession, too, was carried a huge sack containing paper-notes meant to represent the dead man's fortune. The real fortune was, very sensibly, kept by the relatives. This fake fortune would be solemnly burnt at the grave-side.

Finally, at the end of the procession, as at the end of all processions, came the riff-raff of the curious, a mixed medley of Chinese swarming from the bazaars and determined to follow the cavalcade to the end. And their chattering and excitement added to the general noise of that weird band, wailing and shrieking its way to the grave with the big drum shattering through the general discord.

W. J. M.

TREASURE HUNTING

In Mauritius

Treasure hunting may have glamour, but as far as results go the gambler's throw has far greater chance of success. A score of expeditions have searched Cocos Island, for example, and searched it in vain.

I cannot forget the ironic gift to ourselves from the expedition that had last preceded us on that island. In a hut on the beach lay a half empty tin labelled "dynamite," with a note nailed to the doorpost, addressed to our skipper from the leader of the party. He made us a present of the remainder of the dynamite which they had brought, and added that we were welcome to any treasure we might find!

And if the aid of electrical divining instruments be invoked may it be more useful than in the instance whereof I have personal knowledge. It was in Mauritius, the island of sugar and once the rendezvous of Surcouf, the French "privateer"—to be polite to his memory—a man who harried the English flag in the Indian Ocean to some purpose during the Napoleonic wars. To Port Louis he came with the loot of many goodly East Indiamen; he and the Governor are said to have failed to agree over the latter's share for facilities provided, with the result that Surcouf left harbour in dudgeon, landed on a lonely stretch of coast and hid his wealth in a cave. He died without retrieving it, so it is said.

A few years ago a plan giving clues to the position of the cave was brought to Mauritius—once a death-bed legacy! A syndicate of well-known local people was formed to follow up the clues. It was easy enough to identify the narrow gully or gorge in the cliffs up which Surcouf had carried his loot; two of the stones marked on the plan were located, one with what seemed to have a letter or figure roughly carved upon it. Hope ran high, but now a check was registered; no trace of a cave could be found; it was thought that a landslide had taken place covering the mouth. Trial cuts were made here and there but no progress was made, and when the money subscribed ran out, the work ceased.

At a later date negotiations were opened with an engineering firm in England, and under agreement of equal shares to each party, an electrical divining instrument, designed to locate metal, was brought into use. Unfortunately the only spot where the pointer became agitated was over a surface of solid rock. From this it was inferred that the landslip had covered the entrance to the cave to a great depth, and that the spot indicated was above the end where the treasure lay. Weary weeks passed in cutting a way down through dense basalt rock of extreme hardness. Ten feet down they went without success; then to twenty and on to thirty; at about thirty-five they struck earth, and this raised their hopes to fever pitch. Immediate success was assured—the earth-filled cave was reached at last! The island authorities were notified and a detachment of armed police went excitedly down to the gully to afford protection. So sure was the engineer of success that a motor lorry was requisitioned to convey the gold and jewels to the bank. Alas! Hard rock soon reappeared and the electric indicator still encouraged further effort downwards in the same spot. Two months later when the depth of the shaft had reached over fifty feet I was invited by the engineer to visit the place. I could but admire his tenacity of purpose in face of prolonged disappointment and his patience in laboriously cutting a shaft through virgin rock with chisel and crowbar, afraid as he was to use explosives.

To-day, Surcouf's loot remains to be found and electric diviners are at a discount in Mauritius.

James Hornell

ALADDIN'S CAVE: The head of the workings, Mauritius, where the electrical diviner proved of no avail in locating treasure. The entrance to the excavations lies between the rude tripod. The mechanical device indicated metal only beneath a surface of solid rock, where explosives dare not be used

THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE in which, it was hoped, the treasure of Surcouf, the French privateer would be found. A landslide—or faulty imagination which stated treasure existed where no treasure was—rendered the enterprise nugatory

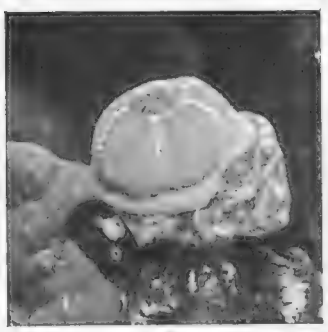
ALL HANDS TO THE PUMP: Earnest treasure seekers pumped water to the engine in the excavation workings—but the treasure of Surcouf was not to be found; possibly because of a landslide; possibly because it was never there

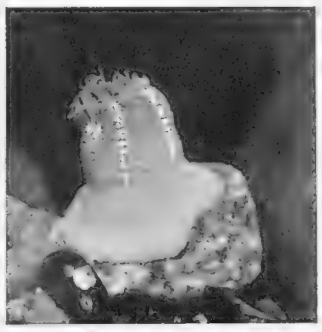
THE FALSE FACE OF THE ROCK which deceived the treasure seekers. Located as one of the guide-points on the plan, and even bearing a mark that might be construed as an indication of significance, the rock was bored and the cave it masked was discovered—but the treasure hoped for in the cave was conspicuous by its absence

The GARDEN of the SEA

V—The Fifth of "The Sphere" New Nature Articles Deals with the Tentacled Beauties of Rocky Pools

A SUBMARINE GARDEN: In full glory the anemone is the most brilliant flower in the garden of the sea. Usually seen attached to a rock and always at rest, it is yet able to creep slowly about when uncovered by the water





THREE PHASES OF A SEA ANEMONE: Left by an ebb tide, Cribrina (Bunodes) Gemmacea closes up and resembles a blob of jelly; when the sea flows in, the retractile tentacles round the mouth appear as they stretch out for food: until finally the exquisite form and colours are revealed

IN FULL BLOOM: The tentacles of the sea-anemone give it a glory of appearance belied by the cruelty of its habits

THE BEAUTY TRAP: The tentacles sting any suitable food that they touch, paralyzing it, and then draw it into the anemone's mouth

THE TENEMENT! A hermit crab in a whelk shell; an anemone on the shell and a worm-like annelid emerging on right

DAHLIAS OF THE DEEP: It seems incredible that these exquisitely "petalled" organisms can, when the tide ebbs, close up into mere blobs of jelly, yet such is the case

It is unfortunate for chance visitors to our coast that the wonders and beauties of the sea are hidden beneath the waters. Yet the holiday-maker may get a worth while glimpse of marvels of Nature round our shores, if patient enough to seek, especially on the rocks and in the pools left by the receding tide. In some of these pools a trapped fish may be found, and often one will come across transparent jelly-fish which has been carried in by the tide. In deeper pools the deliberate movements of star-fish and sea-urchins can be studied. The latter are quaint in action, helped by the long spines with ball-and-socket joints which cover the globular shell. In the deeper pool, lined by molluscs, the star-fish's tactics amaze the watcher. He is the bivalve's great enemy and his approach is the signal for tightly closing the shell. But the star-fish's five long arms around the bivalve exert a tremendous strain which may be resisted for a while, but eventually tells; the valves open and the soft body is exposed. Immediately the star-fish shoots its elastic stomach from its mouth and envelops the victim.

The sea garden, however, brings most pleasure to the amateur beachcomber. Here are wonders of colour with all the glory of a cultivated garden; fit background for fanciful stories of beautiful mermaids.

The lowly forms of life known as sea anemones have aptly been called "flowers of the sea." They appear so much like flowers that it is natural to forget they are predatory flesh eaters. Of simple structure, they have cylindrical-shaped body, the base of which is developed into a sucker-like disc by means of which the animals attach themselves to rocks. The mouth is situated in the centre of the uppermost part of the body, and is surrounded by retractile tentacles, which are provided with numerous stinging cells. The latter are of a protective nature and are also used by the anemone to catch its prey.

The mouth and stomach of an anemone is capable of being distended to a remarkable degree. Shrimps, crabs, and small fish are easily swallowed by the creature, but other items such as whelks and scallops are not regarded as being too large to be disposed of. The indigestible and insoluble parts of a meal are usually ejected directly through the mouth, but sometimes the anemone will protrude and turn its stomach inside out, and thus dispose of unwanted matter.

Some idea of the voracious appetite of anemones can be judged by stating that a specimen measuring but 2 in. in diameter has been known to swallow a scallop as large as a saucer. This dainty morsel, however, proved rather too much for the diner, for it stuck half-way down its interior, and completely blocked the passage between its mouth and stomach.

As the anemone could no longer feed whilst thus encumbered, it proceeded to grow a new mouth and a row of tentacles below the obstruction.

Although anemones rarely move from the position they have selected upon which to attach themselves, they are quite capable of gliding over the rocks, and will sometimes travel considerable distances. At times they will also free themselves from their anchorage and drift with the ocean currents.

When changing quarters it sometimes happens that a part of an anemone's basal disc remains attached to its former support. This fragment eventually develops a mouth and a circle of tentacles, and becomes a perfectly formed but tiny anemone.

Many different kinds of sea anemones are to be found around our coast on rocky shores. Some of them allow themselves to be left high and dry by the receding tide, but the majority must be sought for below low-tide mark. It is only when in the water that they display their beauty by expanding their tentacles, for when out of that element they look like mere blobs of jelly.

Sea anemones vary considerably in size. Most of them are but an inch or two across, but a species from the Chinese Seas has been known to have a diameter of three feet.

The commonest of the sea anemones found in British seas is the beadlet or strawberry anemone. It is somewhat variable in colour, though usually of a claret tint, decorated with green and blue spots. It thrives well in an aquarium, a specimen having been known to live therein for nearly ninety years, thereby outliving three scientists who passed it on to one another.

This anemone *Adamsia parasitica*, which attaches itself to the shell wherein the common hermit crab reposes, has a companion lodger who often found his way inside; this is the worm-like creature called *Nereis fuscata*.

The cloak anemone is invariably found fixed to the shell inhabited by the blue hermit crab, the broad foot of the former enveloping the shell of its host as if it were a cloak.

When the hermit crab discards its shell and takes up its residence in one of larger dimensions, it does not leave the anemone behind, but picks it up with its claws and plants it on the top of its new domicile.

But an even more remarkable instance of commensalism is that which is exhibited between a species of anemone and a small tropical crab, the latter actually carrying an anemone in each of its fore claws. It is stated that should the anemones be forcibly removed from the crab the latter becomes greatly distressed, and will not be pacified until it has discovered its lost companions, or until they have been restored.

Other well-known kinds are the dahlia, the opelet, the plumose, and the parasitic anemones, which spring like exotic blooms from the walls of the rockpools. The parasite anemone is curious in the fact that it is usually found attached to a whelk shell inhabited by a hermit crab. As a partner the hermit crab has a high regard for the anemone and if he loses one he seeks for another.

Sea anemones propagate by eggs and by budding. They can also be increased by artificial division.

Anemones will thrive well in salt-water aquariums. A specimen of the common or beadlet anemone which was placed in a tank in the year 1828 lived therein for fifty-nine years. During six years of its captivity it produced 276 young ones.

Although so beautiful in appearance, anemones can make themselves very unpleasant. Their tentacles are provided with numerous cells within each of which lies coiled up ready for use a cotton-like and hollow thread which can be extended for a distance equal to forty times the length of the cell wherein it reposes. At the base of each thread there is situated a tiny poison gland from which the venom is conveyed into the flesh of a victim, thereby causing stupor or even death.

The American naturalist, Mr. J. D. Dana, discovered that one species of anemone is able to cause stupor without actually coming into contact with its prey.

W. S. B.

The ULLSWATER HOUNDS

THE MASTER AND THE HUNT SECRETARY: Mr. T. B. Nelson and Mr. C. R. Farrer, the two organizers of one of the hardest walking hunts in the country whose "country" is on the fells of the lakes

MOVING OFF TO DRAW: The Ullswater on the banks of the lake that gives them their name. Fashionable rig is a matter of indifference to members of this hunt

CROSSING A "BECK" ON SWARTH FELL: Followers of the Ullswater take everything in their stride, whether the obstacle be rugged rock or mountain stream

A MEET ON FOOT: The Ullswater does not ride to hounds; it walks. The hounds themselves are "fell" hounds, descendants of a northern strain

Pictures by Charles E. Brown

BOUND FOR A NEW COVERT: The Ullswater Hounds are more on the leg than those of the classic packs, being descended from the northern type of fox-hound: they are now known as fell hounds. Horses are unknown, following being carried on entirely on foot, as the country is impossible for riding. The sport is strenuous; kit is at a discount: but the pack often kills

THE LAUNCH: The *Vildebeest* actually launching an 18-in. Whitehead torpedo on her trial run off the Isle of Wight

HOISTING THE TORPEDO ON BOARD: At practice, the 18-in. Whitehead Torpedo is so expensive that it is not exploded and is recovered after being "fired"

LOADING UP: Fixing the torpedo in position at the base of the fuselage. A smoke chamber is fitted to the torpedo to enable it to be located at the end of its run, for during practice, of course, the discharge of such costly weapons cannot, in these days of rigid economy, be countenanced

NAVAL ATTACK from ABOVE

Torpedo Dropping Tests of the New Vickers "Vildebeest" Torpedo Carrier

THE DROP: A remarkable picture showing the deadly cigar-shaped projectile the instant it has been detached from its position beneath the fuselage and strikes the water. The aeroplane has to zoom to a comparatively low altitude before discharging the torpedo to obtain the correct trajectory

The aeroplane seen above is the first machine specially designed for the alternative functions of torpedo dropping and bomb carrying to be adopted for the Royal Air Force. Existing machines performing the same functions are modified (or adapted) bombing aircraft. Aircraft of this type are used by the Royal Air Force for coastal defence and operate from land aerodromes. Two squadrons, "No. 100" at Donibristle and "No. 36" at Singapore are equipped with torpedo bombers.

The *Vildebesst* to be employed in the R.A.F. will be equipped wiih the new Bristol "Pegasus" air-cooled radial engine of 525 h.p. It has a superior performance, an improved view, and is generally more efficient than existing torpedo bombers.

A similar type of machine with an Hispano stationary type engine has recently been sold to Spain, and arrangements have been made for twenty-six machines to be built under licence for the Spanish Air Force.

Pictures by Charles E. Brown

IN POSITION: The gigantic torpedo suspended beneath the fuselage of the *Vildebeest* the new Vickers Torpedo carrier. A number of aircraft of this type are under construction for the naval branch of the Royal Air Force, and are being fitted with Bristol "Pegasus" engines. The trials have recently been held off the Isle of Wight

BOOKS—

God Made the Country: Mr. Moss Sticks to his Cruet: The Pole Abroad: L'Aiglon Re-created: Guide Books to Europe and the Chilterns

By CECIL ROBERTS

The name and work of Mr. Guy Rawlence is new to me, although I see he is the author of three novels preceding his latest, *Country Air* (Constable. 7s. 6d.). If they are all as charming as this excursion into the country then I have missed much pleasure. He is content with the simplest plot, and tells his story with a directness that reveals a skilled use of English. Dear Mrs. Preedy, the wife of a vicar in a Wiltshire village, is anxious to let the vicarage for a month in order that her husband may take a cure for rheumatism. She is very agitated when she receives news that young Mr. Robin Bayne, the novelist, is coming down to see the place. A whole chapter introduces the Preedys, who then fade out of the book, but how human and alive they are after Mr. Rawlence's introduction! There is a delightful picture of the vicar and his wife retiring to bed, of a last reading of a Psalm, and of their linked hands as they lapse into sleep.

MISS MADELEINE MURAT, whose first novel, *Sidestreets*, is being published by Putnam

When they have gone the custom of years has left a ridge down the middle of the bed and young Mr. Bayne has to decide on which side of the bed he will pass the night.

His advent creates a stir in the village. Alas, if they but knew, he has left the Bright Young People of Society's Bohemia in order to come and mock at the simple life. With acidity and slick venom he begins to write in country air. And then something happens. He meets Colonel Winter and his daughter Grace, the Misses Wand, one a drug-taker, the other a devoted sister who is an authority on the Italy she has never seen and who takes imaginary Baedeker-planned excursions to Florence and Fiesole; her passion has even created a Florentine room in the little cottage. It is to sneer at these that clever Mr. Bayne has come to write, on the very desk where the old Vicar has composed his sermons. Suddenly, Bayne's London friends descend upon him, to find mirth in the Victorian flowers and pictures, and Mr. Bayne sees himself as he really is, a rather precious, sophisticated young bounder. The novel collapses forthwith, and when Verona, the lipstick-lady from London enters at the very moment he kisses the country maid, exclaiming, with a voice like a stiletto, "I do apologise, but I had no idea that the tenancy of a vicarage included *droits de seigneur*," Mr. Bayne feels there is nothing but flight from this country Paradise wherein he is playing the serpent. It is a flight so sudden and complete that the reader may complain of Mr. Rawlence's sudden finish. Nothing is resolved, sentiment is left unsatisfied, love unfulfilled. On the last page Mr. Rawlence is ruthlessly modern. I think he has unwarrantably shirked his job at the end, but after 300 pages in which he has been so delightful a companion one cannot nurse resentment. But I think he should be punished and sentenced to a sequel.

Mr. Geoffrey Moss specializes in a brand of light ladies. His *Sweet Pepper* proved so hot to the palate that each concoction that follows is equally seasoned. I can never believe in these restless and passionate ladies. It would seem their lovers have to have a particular kind of moustache, and the ladies themselves are always in a state of undress, mental and material. *A Modern Melody* (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.) is the story of a modern young lady named Melody who went to Paris to be naughty. Recallin Sappho, and the long school of Paris fiction, Melody does not seem to be very modern after all. As for the technique of love in the Englishman's paradise of wickedness, here it is—

"His moustache was softer than she would have imagined, but his kisses were just what she would have expected, limp and reverent. They reached her eyes; first one, then the other; her cheek. It is like saving up the jam for the end, she thought, and wanted to laugh. But when he reached her mouth she did not draw back. Her lips were like the petals of a flower. 'Darling,' he murmured, 'I love you, I love you.' Through quarter-opened lashes she glanced for a moment out of the window of the cab."

I found myself wondering how soft she had imagined his moustache would be, and how much protestation of love would open her lashes half way. And surely the lady had her eyes well open? All the way through this story Melody if not haughty is horticultural. "She thrust out her lips till they were like the petals of a scarlet-edged lily." Later the story is hotted up with a murder. For those who like their curries strong this dish will titillate the palate.

I have a very great respect for the experience, knowledge, and ability of Dr. E. J. Dillon. No man knows Europe better, or has touched so many facets of diplomatic life. But all this, I feel, after reading *Leaves From My Life* (Dent. 7s. 6d.), does not qualify him for the writing of short stories. There are twenty narratives in this book, but each has something unfinished, the plot does not materialize and the characters are never convincing. As studies of international life, written by one who knows the scene, they have interest. It is obvious that Dr. Dillon has been looking back through his notebooks, and the title of this book correctly describes the contents. Life is often incomplete, the story is left half-finished. The interest of this book lies in the varied phases of international life with which Dr. Dillon is familiar, and a certain Russian abruptness in his view of men and their behaviour.

The Poles in the United States, or the Polacks, as they are called there, provide the material for *The Proud House* by Annette Esty (Harpers. 7s. 6d.) This is a well-told story of a Polish family working on the land. Their ambition is to own the great house on the farm up in the Vermont Hills. Ambition is at last satisfied, but the great flood sweeps away everything. There is a note of quiet heroism, of titanic struggle throughout this narrative which makes it notable. The story of Josepha, who came from Poland to work in the fields, of her growing family, of her husband, Adam, and of the old scoundrelly father-in-law has simple but moving elements, and Miss Esty has a real feeling for the land and those bowed upon it. Here is a most interesting phase of American life. I still vividly recall a long line of Polish emigrants waiting patiently on board an Atlantic liner, before they were taken off to Ellis Island, and my wonder as to what their subsequent fates would be. Two generations later these Poles might be returning to buy up the local Schloss as a summer residence in Europe. Here are shown the intermediary steps to wealth in the land of promise. This simple story is extremely moving.

Scapa Flow, by Captain D. J. Munro (Sampson, Low, Marston, and Co., Ltd. 12s. 6d.), brings back to my mind a misty May morning in 1916, when at Scrabster Point I boarded the T.B.D. that was taking me out to the Grand Fleet moored in Scapa Flow. The War found us without a large safe harbour on our coasts, but by a fortunate chance, foreseen by the Admiralty, it was possible by the construction of booms to enclose a great expanse of water and convert it into a harbour off the north of Scotland. It was not a particularly safe harbour; many and many a scare was raised by the news that enemy submarines had penetrated the booms, and the whole fleet hurriedly put out to sea while the place was cleaned up. As early as 1911 the authorities were considering the question of a harbour as a base for the fleet. For a time it seemed as if Cromarty Firth would be the favoured base. Captain Munro had the task of constructing the booms and defences at Cromarty and at Scapa.

This is the story of a Mercantile Marine officer who entered the Navy and rendered the greatest services to the country. The book may be dull reading for the civilian, but to all those interested in every detail of the Navy's work during the War this is a fascinating and illuminating work. There are some curious spy stories. There was one spy who went back to Germany with accurate information. He stated that at the outbreak of War Cromarty was defended and Scapa undefended. The German authorities refused to believe that we could be so silly as to leave Scapa undefended, and concluded that their own spy had entered our service. He was shot by them. One spy was caught owing to his attachment to his dog. It was lost and he advertised for it. The owner's name with a Berlin address was found on the collar. Scapa was never penetrated by a German submarine, despite the many scares that sent the Fleet hurrying out to sea. The nearest approach to success came in the last month of the War, after the German Fleet had mutinied, when a submarine, manned entirely by officers seeking to save their honour, perished in a final desperate effort.

I am not a worshipper at the shrine of Napoleon. It seems to me one of the great misfortunes of the earth that ever he was born. He left a train of misery across the face of Europe. Coarse and brutal in his personal relations, and a megalomaniac, it is difficult to understand the regard in which he stands in many eyes. A great and bold adventurer, the study of his campaigns has revealed that he was not a great soldier when faced by opponents of more than average ability. Yet he had that tremendous power, personality, with which he built kingdoms and

(Continued on p. 84)

RECOMMENDED LIST

"Spain's Uncertain Crown," by ROBERT SENCOURT (Benn. 21s. net); "Mexico," by STUART CHASE (John Lane. 12s. 6d. net); "Hudson's Bay Company," by ROBERT E. PINKERTON (Thornton Butterworth. 15s. net); "The Newgate Calendar" (Werner Laurie Ltd. 8s. 6d. net); "The Prince of Peisoners," by LADBROKE BLACK (Nicholson and Watson. 7s. 6d. net);

Four Novels

"Sparks Fly Upward," by OLIVER LA FARGE (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d. net); "Hospital," by NORAH C. JAMES (Duckworth. 7s. 6d. net); "The Gentle Heart," by DOREEN WALLACE (Benn. 7s. 6d. net); "Women Live Too Long," by VINA DELMAR (Allan. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE LYCEUM THEATRE BECOMES A CATHEDRAL: The wall of the Norman Convent adjoining the Gothic theatre boxes. The boxes on the extreme right will tween the scenic and theatre walls in the Cochran-pre and Oliver Messel-dressed

UNDER CONSTRUCTION: One of the immense trucks, mounted on castors, which represent a Cathedral into which the Lyceum stage has been transformed

transformed prompt side of the auditorium representing the Cathedral. Concealed behind the solid plaster walls are the ultimately be covered with draperies to cover the break be- ented, Reinhardt-directed, Lady Diana Duff-Cooper-starred revival of *The Miracle*

—PLAYS

Miss Gladys Cooper Succeeds: Mr. Ivor Novello Improves all Round: The Garrick does not Excite: "Mumbo Jumbo" at the St. Martin's Theatre

By PHILIP PAGE

Pygmalion having been a gentleman who made out of a shapeless mass something extremely lovely, the title of Mr. Harrison Owen's play, *Doctor Pygmalion*, at the Playhouse, is singularly inapt, for I cannot picture Miss Gladys Cooper as ever having been a shapeless mass, or ever being one in the future. She looked adorably beautiful for three acts, and far more beautiful in the first act than in the third, when she had to contend with a yellowish-brown frock which, to my admittedly non-expert eye, seemed hideous.

What is more important, however, than the play's title, is that the greater portion of it is very amusing indeed. Not one of the wittiest comedies of all time, nor even continuously a comedy, for there are farcical scenes in it. Such a mixture always makes for unevenness, and can only be indulged in safely when the farcical note comes at the end. Mr. Owen has nearly wrecked his play altogether by a solemn last act in which, beyond a diverting dialogue between two doctors in the consulting room of a nursing home, nothing funny happens at all, but a good deal that is heavily romantic in the wrong style and at the wrong moment. If the author had got his romance off his chest in Act I, and had sent his audience away laughing, *Doctor Pygmalion* would have been not only a better play, but a more profitable one.

Miss Cooper will, nonetheless, find herself Galateaing it at the Playhouse for quite a long time. After her Balkan princess, well though she played that thankless part last month, I am glad to welcome her return to a lighter style in which she can excel. Like Miss Marie Tempest, she can now give colour to a colourless line and make a good one glitter by sheer skill in timing and in intonation. To admire Miss Cooper merely as a creature of frocks and supreme beauty and not as one of our cleverest actresses is nonsensical; yet it is a notion to which some people obstinately cling.

In this rôle of a woman of forty with an adult daughter and a commonplace and unfaithful husband she is at her best. She is the central figure of a simple little story which shows how a good-looking doctor with a sense of humour and a bedroom rather than a bedside manner transforms her from a semi-invalid into an alluring woman of the world with whom he, a Frenchman, an American, and even her husband fall in love.

Mr. Owen is more skilled at humorous episodes than at a sustained atmosphere. As a result his style as a dramatist is patchy. But in addition to Miss Cooper's fine performance and the easy manner of Mr. Ronald Squire as the doctor, I would willingly see again and again Mr. Edmond Breon (the husband) being told that *he* is the invalid, and the discussion between Mr. Breon and Mr. James Carew, an amorous and wealthy American. Mr. Scott Gatty was genuinely and pleasantly French, and Mr. Stanley Drewitt, as a doctor of the gloomy type won many laughs. On the distaff side the team has a tail.

There is no doubt about it, Mr. Ivor Novello is improving. He is improving as an actor and improving as a dramatist. I have not heard any of his music for a long time, so for aught I know he may be improving as a composer. In any event, he has such talent that he deserves to be regarded as something more than a sort of near-Noel Coward. Yet I found for this very reason his play, *I Lived With You*, at the Prince of Wales, tantalizing and even annoying. With so little more it would have been so very good. If only he had been as interesting in his serious moments as he was in amiably pulling the leg of Suburbia, his would be an immaculate performance. Here, I think, Mr. Novello handicapped himself needlessly by writing for himself a part of excessive length. It needed an actor of immense emotional strength and much experience to keep things going, and Mr. Novello, though, I repeat, he has beyond question improved, is a good actor but not a great one.

I Lived With You concerns a handsome young Russian prince, derelict through the Revolution, who is found penniless and starving by a Fulham typist, and taken home by her to her father, mother, brother and sister—all very Fulham, or what Mr. Novello shows us as Fulham. The prince was not altogether a bad investment, for though he had no money on him, he had a miniature surrounded by valuable diamonds, which had been given to his mother by the Tsar. One by one these diamonds were sold, and one by one the Fulham family crept, not very silently, to the bad on the proceeds. Father took a mistress with a taste for fox-furs and blackmail, mother became a snob and swilled vodka, and the younger daughter lived her own life in someone else's flat, unblessed by the marriage service.

Only the typist daughter remained decent, for she loved Prince Novello and his Anglo-Russian accent, even if he did refuse to take baths. And superbly did Miss Ursula Jeans play the part. Alas, the pair did not marry, for the Prince was persuaded by a dingy aunt, who helped in the house, to clear out before greater demoralization set in. So clear out he did, in dramatic solemnity, the aunt curtsying as to some Stranger from Another World. A final situation which, much as I found to admire and enjoy in the course of the evening, I must honestly designate as tripe, without even the tear-compelling onions.

We are told by the present management of the Garrick Theatre that *Marriage by Purchase* is "a play every married person should see." There is no particular reason why any married person should see it, though I can think of plenty of reasons why unmarried persons should not. Among those reasons, however, I do not include one which for advertisement purposes might come in useful.

For this lurid and distorted business is not at all improper. I cannot see even the most prurient type of nincompoop getting any thrill out of it. If sadists haunt the box-office of the Garrick, or are whipped up into queues along the pavements of Charing Cross Road, by learning that in this play a wife treats her husband literally as a slave, they will shed such excitement, if they have a vestige of humour, the moment they watch those scenes between Miss Cathleen Nesbitt and Mr. Henry Daniel, though these two clever people play them for all they are worth, which is not much. I can see them rushing home to take the works of M. Jacques d'Icy from locked drawers in order to make up for lost time.

No, unmarried people will find quite enough exasperation when they subsequently enter matrimony without being unnecessarily exasperated by such a portrayal of a stage-version beforehand. Married people, on the other hand, may be able to reap some satisfaction from feeling that however serious their squabbles at home they could never be so serious or so silly as those in *Marriage by Purchase*.

The author, M. Steve Passeur, is obviously out to make our flesh creep. Steve (if he is still alive) must hurry up and write another play if he is to do that. With a ton of exaggeration scraped off, this story of a Frenchwoman who bought a husband by paying his debts, and then proceeded to torture him, might be convincing, if hardly edifying. In its present form it is highly-coloured nonsense.

Yet there is one justification for a visit—the true power of Miss Nesbitt's handling of the character of a soured woman obsessed with passion, cruelty, and general beastliness, but not wholly unsympathetic. Sarah Bernhardt could do much the same with what Shaw used to call Sardoodledom.

Not all the incantations and mumbo-jumbo of old Beguildy himself—we see some of it on the stage of the St. Martin's Theatre—will ever convince me that this dramatic version of Mary Webb's famous novel, *Precious Bane* is a good play. People who have read the book will, however, derive a certain amount of interest from comparing their own conception of various characters with the men and women walking and talking before them, and from wondering what would be left out.

One of the episodes left in is the conjuring up for the benefit of the young squire of the naked "Venus" (in reality Prue Sarn) by the villainous old wizard, Beguildy. As even Mr. Cochran's Venus in *Helen* is voluminously draped and as Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davis, the Prue, could hardly be expected, conscientious artist though she is, to carry realism to the necessary length in this case, "Venus" arose behind a thick curtain. This made the whole scene as completely ludicrous as the performance by the late Henry Pelessier and his immortal "Follies" of a burlesque the Censor had forbidden. They did the thing, but with the curtain down.

However, in that grim farmhouse a little humour was acceptable; for the story of fate and revenge is relieved in other respects only by rustic merry-making (mugs of ale and folk-song), which in compelling an audience to melancholy are bettered only by carnival scenes (bladder-bangs and running across the stage with imbecile screams) in musical comedy.

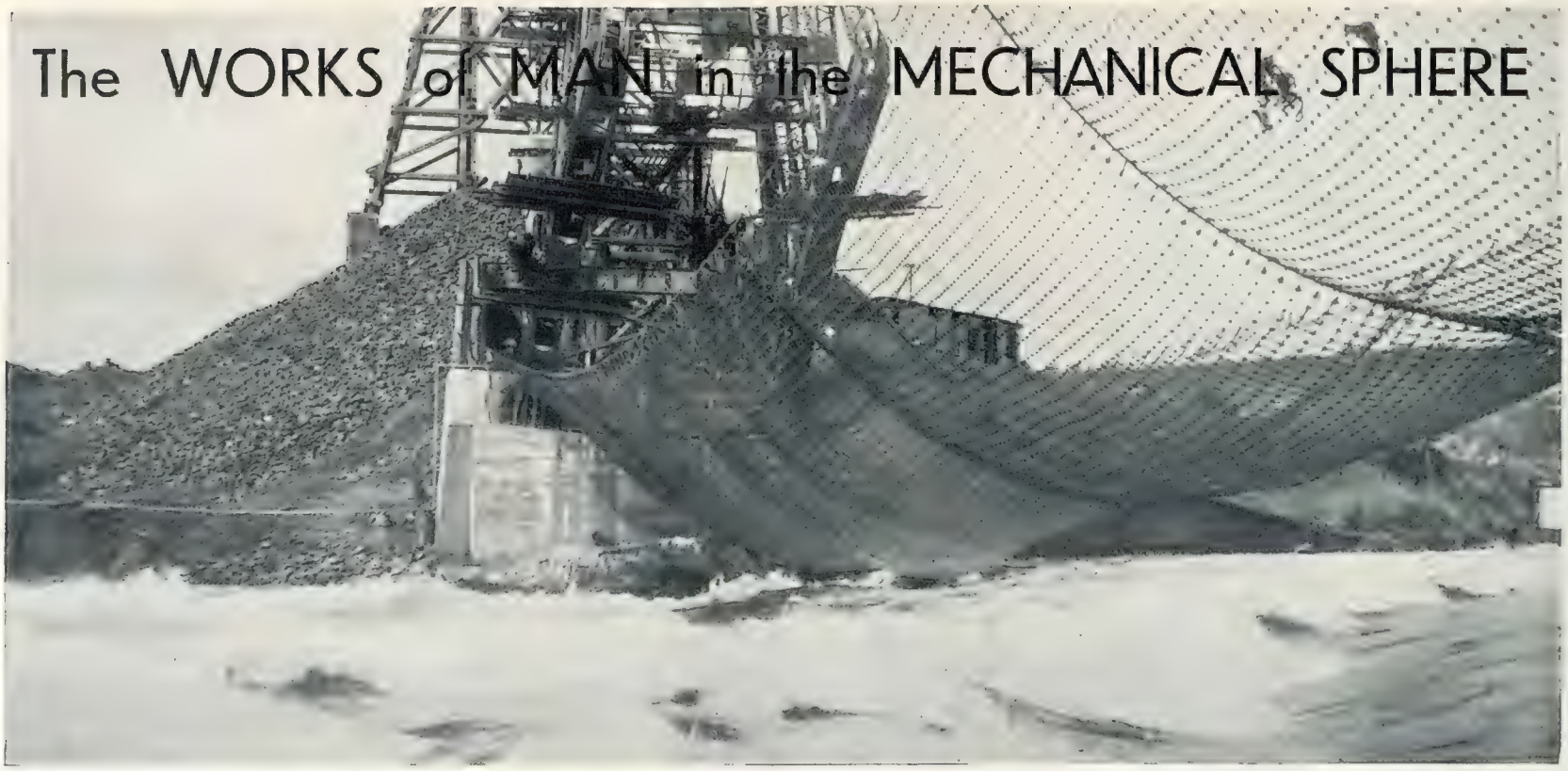
The acting was extraordinarily good, in particular that of Mr. Robert Donat, Mr. Malcolm Keen, and Mr. Sebastian Shaw.

DEVOTIONAL: Workmen raising the 12 ft. high Crucifix with its attendant statues. The orchestra-pit forms the cloisters whence entrances are made

Pictures by Sasha

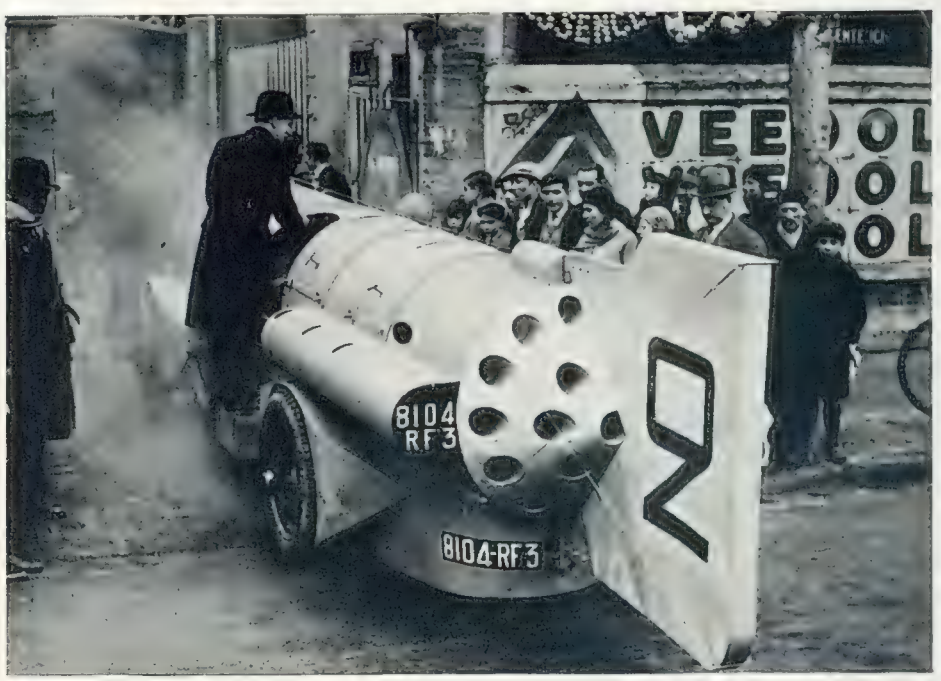
A TRIO OF BEAUTY: "Iza," the silver-haired beauty of the screen; Miss Peggy Wood, who repeats her *Bitter Sweet* success in *The Cat and the Fiddle* at the Palace; and Miss Anny Ahlers, the German star, who is to play the title-rôle in *The Dubarry* at His Majesty's

The WORKS of MAN in the MECHANICAL SPHERE



BRIDGE BUILDING UNDER DIFFICULTIES: So dangerous is the construction of the span over the River Nile at Jinja, Uganda, and so great is the risk that workmen may be swirled over the rapids, that a safety net has been slung beneath the structure

LONDON'S NEW DREDGER: The 150 ton mechanism towed to Tilbury Docks from the Clyde. Camel hair belts are used on the drives of the dredger which is to deal only with mud and silt



FRANCE'S BID FOR THE LAND SPEED RECORD: The car fitted with three Jupiter motors of 800 h.p. each, designed by M. Stapp of Chaton, near Paris. It is alleged to be capable of 600 kilometres (375 miles) an hour

THE GUILDFORD BY-PASS: A view of the new road cut through the Hog's Back, with the steel girders for a new bridge in position. The bridge is to carry the old road over the rise

SALVAGE: A barge loaded with 1,200 bags of wheat sank in King George Dock, Woolwich, a few days ago, despite the heroic efforts of a motor launch to save it. The bags floated half-submerged and were gradually retrieved by dockers

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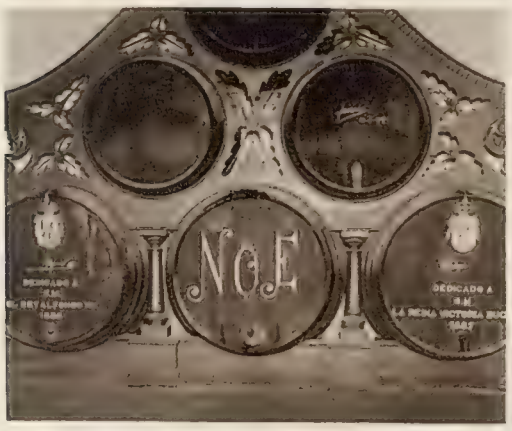
SHERRY IN EXCELSIS

THE BODEGAS—or wine cellars—at the famous establishment at Jerez of Messrs. Gonzalez Byass. The term "sherry" is a corruption of the town, pronounced "chereth"

THE MARQUIS OF TORRE SOTO, the head of the famous firm of Gonzalez Byass, whose sherries (made at Jerez, the traditional town for the industry) are world famous



BY ROYAL COMMAND: The great barrels laid down to the glory of the royal house. That on the left is dedicated to ex-King Alfonso, and dates from 1886, the year of his birth and his accession

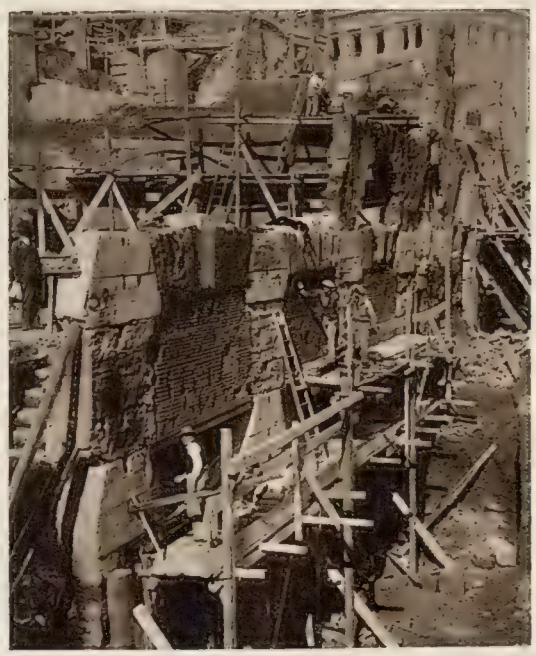
Pictures by Sasha

HUNG WITH COBWEBS: The great casks of priceless sherry in the bodegas at Jerez of Messrs. Gonzalez Byass, the world-famous sherry shippers

Sherry—the "sherris-sack" of the Elizabethans and the "sherry white wine" of the Victorians—derives its name from Jerez, a town in Spain pronounced with a rough breathing for its initial and a soft th for its termination. The most famous firm in the sherry industry is that of Gonzalez Byass, the head of which, the Marquis of Torre Soto, has Scottish connections for many generations back

REBUILDING ROME

DESTRUCTION A PRELUDE TO CONSTRUCTION: Houses at the side of the Victor Emmanuel Monument and the Capitol being demolished to allow of the building of the new street



THE FORUM OF TRAJAN WITH ITS SHATTERED COLUMNS: Much of this majestic and time-hallowed area was overbuilt with houses now demolished to make way for the new street

THE RUINS OF THE FORUM OF CÆSAR, which have been revealed by the excavations undertaken by the inspired orders of Mussolini

Under at once the inspiration and the driving force of the dynamic Duce, a great deal of reconstruction is under weigh in Rome which, in the old phrase, Mussolini would fain find brick and leave marble. A good many of the houses that had grown up by the side of the Victor Emanuel monument and below the Capitol have, under Mussolini's direction, been demolished to give way to a wide street which, dividing Piazza Venezia, the centre of the city, will join up the Forum, the Coliseum, the Cathedral of Saint Paul, and the Sea-Road, i.e. the new motor route fifteen miles long which reaches Ostia. Ruins of the Forum of Cæsar—in contradistinction to the Forum of Trajan—have been unearthed in the demolition scheme, and these have proved of great archæological value

WHERE RUDENESS PAYS

RAGGING THE NEW-COMER is the great amusement at cabaret Aristide Bruant, for it is there conventional for those assembled to greet each new entrant with the chant "*Tu es cochon*"

THE BROAD GRIN which discounts the ritual insult with which each new client of the cabaret is greeted—insult which terminates with the phrase "*Va à l'enfer*"

CUSTOMERS ENJOY THEIR RUDE RECEPTION for they go expecting it and, having survived the volley of abuse that greets them, may join in abusing late comers to this Montmartre cabaret

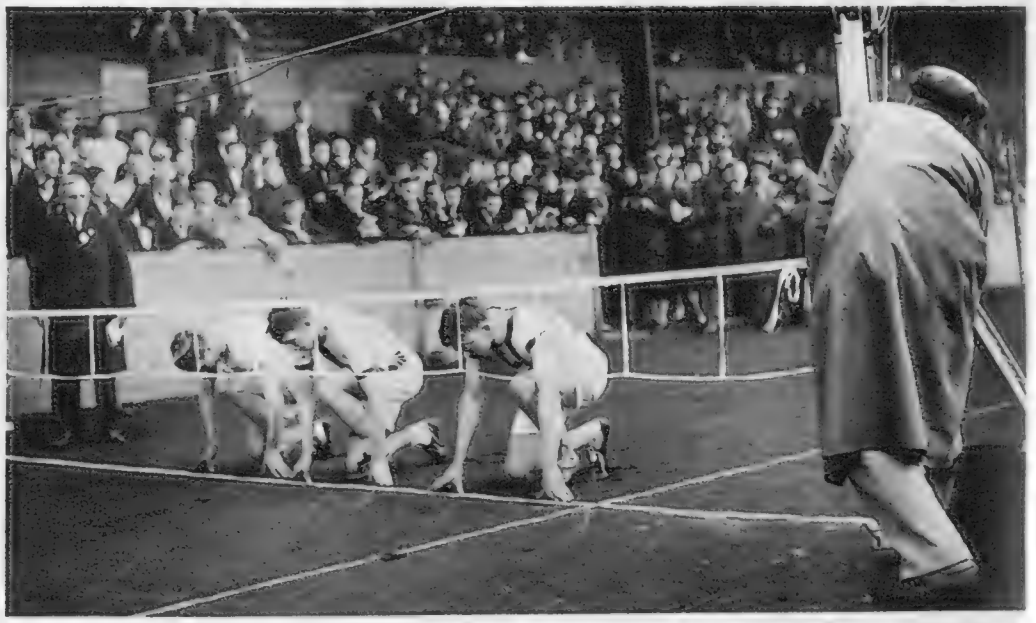
"O SOLE MIO" and kindred sentimental ballads alternate with the jeers of the staff and patrons at this unique Montmartre cabaret

The pioneer of the Montmartre cabarets, and one of the few to survive the slump, is the cabaret Aristide Bruant, where a cult of good-humoured insult has proven so popular that it is now a tradition if not a ritual. The freedom of speech is not limited to the staff, for clients may criticize openly any turn, and are also encouraged to rag new-comers or late entrants to the cabaret

WITHIN ENGLAND'S SHORES

ANTI-FIRE: In an endeavour to secure the co-operation of the public in extinguishing forest fires, fire-brooms have been placed in prominent positions in the New Forest

ANTI-EROSION: Coast defence works in operation at Pakefield, near Lowestoft. So serious has the problem of erosion become that a conference of M.P.s on the re-introduction of the Coast Protection Bill is being arranged for by Sir Gervase Rentoul



"ON YOUR MARK": For the first time a starting gate was used for the Public Schools Sports at Stamford Bridge, where nearly 400 schoolboy athletes participated. The new starting gate is seen in position in this view of the start of a heat in the quarter

STRUNG UP: Miles of string are used by this stilt-walker at Wateringbury, Kent, whilst "stringing" the poles in readiness to train the season's hops. The stilts on which the work is done are 15 ft. high

THE TOTE TICKET MACHINE demonstrated by the designers at Uxbridge. The punter puts the indicator opposite the horse's number as shown on the card, puts a florin in the slot for win or place, and a printed ticket is delivered. It is expected that several of these unique and 100 per cent. British machines will be installed for experiment on a racecourse in the near future

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

ERBIL—

Further Notes and Aerial Views

ERBIL FROM THE AIR: It looks like a large pork-pie. The city is said to stand on seven preceding cities. It dominates the surrounding plain

In the issue of THE SPHERE for February 13th there appeared an article on Erbil, "The Oldest Continually Occupied Town in the World." This interesting spot can be reached from Mosul across the plains, and under the shadow of the Kurdish Hills appears this strange mound-perched town. A correspondent who writes that he has frequently flown over the town, sends us this interesting view of Erbil—it shows at a glance the relation of the old town to the new suburbs.

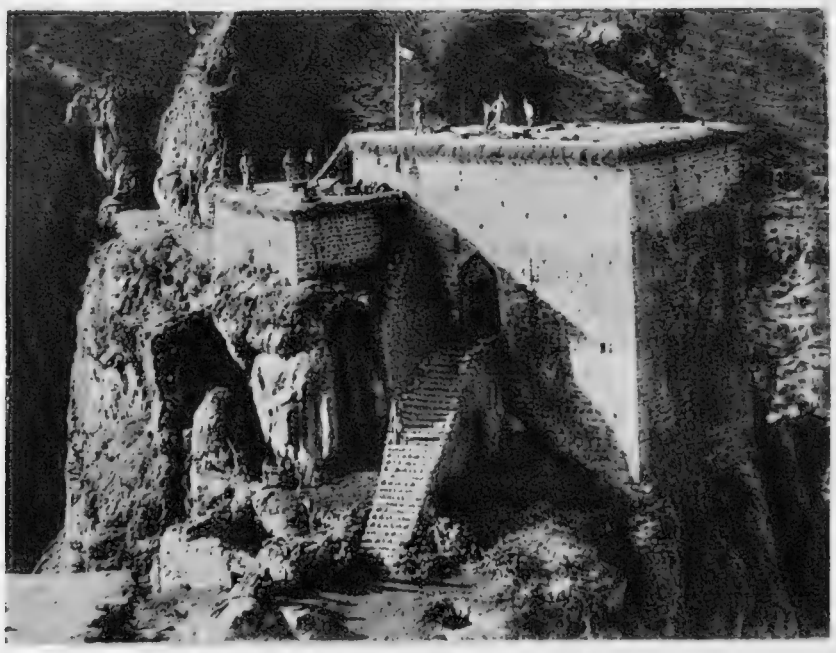
The present city of Erbil stands, according to tradition, on seven preceding cities; and it presents a commanding sight, dominating the surrounding plain. In colour and form the city resembles a pork-pie; but the aroma, at close quarters, is scarcely so appetising. "New Erbil!" clusters round the base of the pork-pie, where are situated several outlying villages which also come under the jurisdiction of the Multasanif.

ANTI-SUN: The gigantic hat peculiar to Erbil is made of felt and coloured wool

The same correspondent sends us a picture of a curious and immense hat peculiar to the Erbil area; it is worn only at harvest time to shield the worker in the fields from the terrific heat of the sun. It is made of white felt and is embroidered in gaudy shades of wool. The careful European is able to buy it for 3s. in the bazaar—the native for less than half that sum. Smaller hats are worn at other times; these are made of velvet embroidered on silk and are used as a basis for the turban.

The Iraqi police, one of whose outposts is seen below, are a very efficient, semi-military, British-trained force, whose duties range from traffic control in Bagdad or acting as warders to chain-gangs of convict road-menders in Mosul, to punitive expeditions of a minor character against raiding tribes of the ancient border cattle-thief type in the as yet unsettled parts of Southern Kurdistan.

For particulars of "The Sphere" Travel Bureau see p. 84



AN IRAQI POLICE POST in the mountains north-west of Erbil. The force is semi-military and British-trained

ACROSS CANADA—

A Coming Tour to the Westernmost Province

THE LARGEST HOTEL IN THE EMPIRE: The Royal York Hotel, Toronto, with 1,000 bedrooms and a similar number of private bathrooms

The rather dazzling idea of assembling a party of paying Government guests and taking them across Canada on a tour of inspection of the Dominion's westernmost province has found wide acceptance, and a considerable number of tourists of both sexes will sail from Liverpool on May 27 as scheduled.

That the trip will be a memorable one goes without saying. From the moment the boat swings round from the open sea into the gulf of the St. Lawrence, five days out from port, and the multi-coloured range of the Laurentians breaks on the horizon, the continent unfolds itself before the traveller in one long unending panorama of interest and beauty: Quebec on its guardian rock; cosmopolitan Montreal—mountain-crowned on her island throne; Toronto, the "Queen City," on the shores of Lake Ontario; and Niagara Falls, still in a world slightly blasé of marvels one of the world's natural wonders.

Westward to Owen Sound, a lake-port on Georgian Bay, there is Ontario's kindly countryside, with its fertile farms, ruminating cattle, and soft blue distances. Across the Great Lakes, those inland fresh-water oceans, come glimpses of isles and promontories, mystic in the summer haze.

Then there is the landing at Fort William, with its towering elevators and fleets of long, lean grain ships, the nerve-centre of wheat transportation. From here there is entrainment westward across that thousand-mile plateau which men call the prairies, with cities and towns rising like islands amid an endless sea of grain. It is here, traversing the level monotony, that the traveller senses the urge that sent the riders of the plains westward, ever westward to the mountains.

FAMOUS FISHING WATER: Cowichaw Bay, British Columbia

So it is that Calgary, nestling in the foothills of the Rockies, seems like the gateway to a new world—as in a sense it is; for it is from here, through ever-narrowing mountain passes, the long climb begins that carries one up and over the ramparts of the Rockies and across the eastern frontier of British Columbia.

BEAUTY IN BRITISH COLUMBIA: The Capilano River and the Lions, one of the beauty spots near Vancouver, B.C.

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

GIBRALTAR—
Britain's Mediterranean STRONGHOLD,
And the South of Spain

By CLIVE HOLLAND

THE ROCK: A view of the mighty British Mediterranean stronghold

Fortunately for holiday-makers who like a sea trip with a short stay at an interesting place ashore, British shipping lines by their enterprise and splendid organization have nowadays linked up, either by regular services or by specified cruises, almost every place over which the British flag flies, and among these Gibraltar.

To most people Gibraltar, that rock at the south-eastern extremity of Spain which is one of the wonders of the world, is little more than a name. Quite a number of people, indeed, scarcely know its exact position, and only remember vaguely that it is "somewhere in Spain, and is the nearest point to Africa," which is near enough.

Between it and Africa lie the famous Straits with their peculiar double current. The one on the surface flowing into the Mediterranean from the Atlantic, and the other, underlying current, flowing from the former into the latter. The Straits at their narrowest are but nine miles in width. The "Rock" on the Spanish side is faced on the African by Mount Abyla, and these were called by the ancients the Pillars of Hercules.

Gibraltar can be recommended as a reason for a short holiday cruise or a more lengthened stay, not only from its geographical and historical interest, sunshine, and fine climate, but for the fact that it provides an excellent centre from which to visit some of the picturesque Spanish ports and coast towns of the Western Mediterranean, the scenes of the novels of Blanco Ibáñez, made famous by the *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, and some of the most fascinating places in Southern Spain,

The steamers which make the special cruises are magnificent boats with all the luxurious appointments of up-to-date liners, and the regular weekly service boats are also excellent.

Most of the cruising steamers call in at, and give one the opportunity of seeing, both Lisbon and Cadiz.

Gibraltar is but a few hours' steam from Cadiz round Cape Trafalgar. As one sights the great mass of rock, that has so many times in the past been beseiged and has withstood prolonged attack, one is reminded to some extent of Table Mountain. Afterwards, as one looks at it across the narrow strip of water from the Spanish shore of Gibraltar Bay, one sees the great bluff of rock and Europa Point, and the harbour and town on the slopes above it. The Rock itself is at the end of an attenuated peninsula, whose landward and northern end forms an isthmus between the Mediterranean and the Bay of Gibraltar, and northward of the town is the belt of neutral territory between the British and Spanish lines.

As one's steamer crosses Gibraltar Bay and enters the harbour through the breakwater the town opens up clinging to the narrow strip of land at the foot of the western side of the Rock and climbing up its sides, not unpicturesquely and with much of interest from the historical point of view. The town itself is divided into two distinct parts; the north town, which is the older and less important part, with narrow, mean streets, and the south town—where are most of the better hotels, Government and other offices and business premises; and the Governor's residence near Europa Point, with magnificent views of the Spanish and African coasts and the Rock.

By the construction of what is known as the New Mole an excellent anchorage was provided for the largest ships; and the harbour, more than 250 acres in extent, can accommodate the important Mediterranean fleet.

Landing at Gibraltar is a travel experience for most people which is not easily forgotten. The liner is soon surrounded by a fleet of small boats whose owners compete vociferously for one's custom and seem to regard the accredited tender with animosity and, when the voyage between the ship and the quay has been safely accomplished with one's baggage, one becomes the centre of attraction for the usual crowd of hotel porters and guides found at every Continental port and railway station.

There is a rule that no foreigners may remain in Gibraltar overnight without special permission, and so before leaving the quay all those who cannot offer proof of British nationality have to obtain a permit which enables them to remain "until evening gun-fire." The official in charge of the issue of these permits is known to the initiated as a "scorp," which is the term applied to a Spaniard who has acquired British nationality by residence in Gibraltar and has become what is known as a "Rock scorpion." Usually, we fancy, the proof of British nationality, at least in the case of those landing from liners or other steamers, is not very vigorously enforced and seldom goes beyond the request for a verbal declaration on the point.

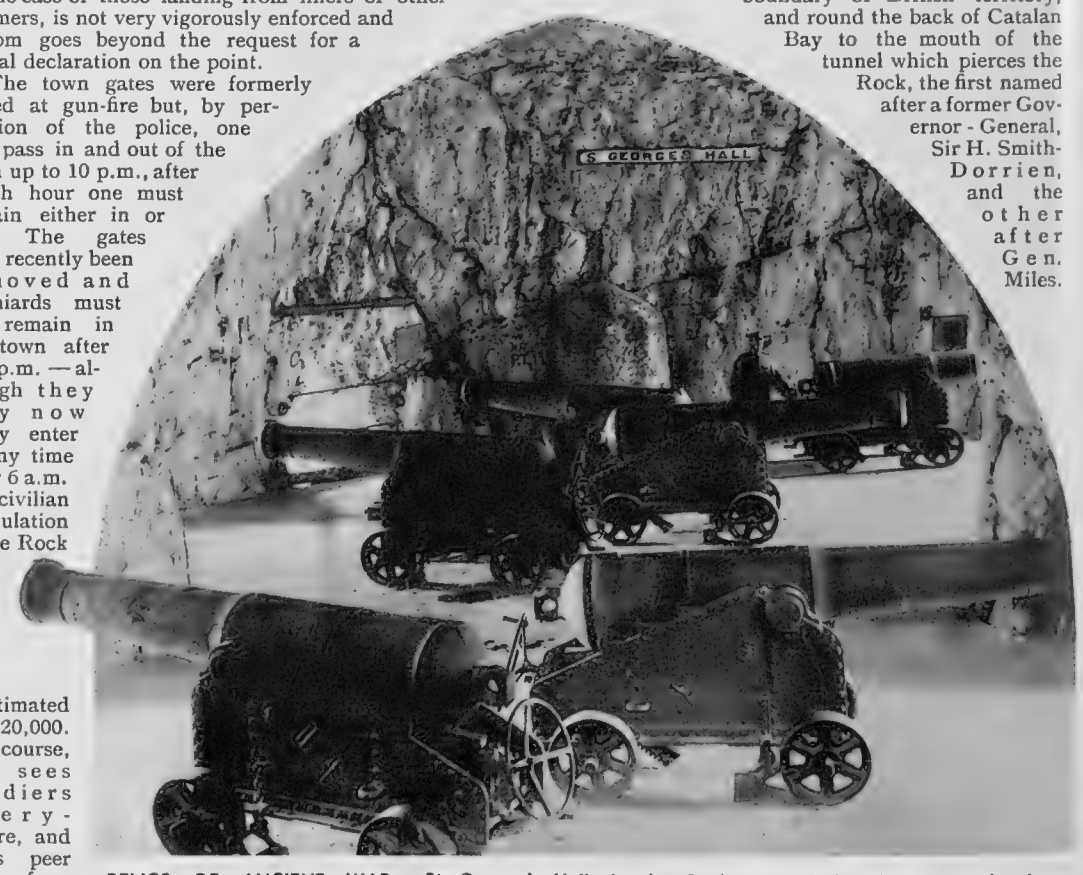
The town gates were formerly closed at gun-fire but, by permission of the police, one may pass in and out of the town up to 10 p.m., after which hour one must remain either in or out. The gates have recently been removed and Spaniards must not remain in the town after 10 p.m.—although they may now freely enter it any time after 6 a.m. The civilian population of the Rock is estimated at 20,000. Of course, one sees soldiers everywhere, and guns peer at one from behind rocks, and gun mountings can be glimpsed artfully concealed in all sorts of unlikely places. Most visitors obtain permission, we fancy, to visit some of the historic galleries and chambers cut in the solid rock, which, in the past, have served the defenders well in the long succession of sieges to which Gibraltar has been subjected. Most, too, climb to the slopes on which the famous monkeys live, in the hope of getting a glimpse of them.

One of the sights of Gibraltar is certainly that of the evening exodus from the town across the neutral ground into Spain. The road is then thronged with Spanish workmen on their way home, who come into the town soon after dawn and leave it after their day's work is done, trooping in a cloud of dust across the neutral strip of land like factory hands leaving a vast industrial concern. Amusements are well catered for, and there are facilities for hunting, with meets twice a week; polo, three days a week on the Polo Ground, Campamento Common, Spain; the golf links (9 holes) are at the same place; cricket during the summer months, football during the winter, and there is pig-sticking to be had at Tangier in the reservation of the Tangier Tent Club, for sportsmen. One of the chief attractions is the racecourse, situated on the town side of the British lines.

TENNIS AT GIBRALTAR: There is very good tennis to be had at Gibraltar if one happens to be in the naval set. The courts are picturesquely placed

The indoor amusements are good and of the usual kind. There is among these the Theatre Royal, to which English and Spanish companies of a high class pay periodical visits. There are also cinemas, concerts frequently in the Governor's Parade, and the pretty Alameda Gardens by military bands; dancing at several of the hotels, and at one or two of the cafés and tea rooms.

There are a number of good shops, principally supported by the military and the British and foreign residents. Indeed, it is remarkable how many of the wants of travellers and residents for even unusual things are supplied. Among the most notable of business houses established here one is interested to find a branch of Gieves, Ltd., with whom one has probably had dealings in Bond Street, London, who are famed not only in England but throughout the British Empire, in America, and on the Continent. Here the most exigent traveller will be able to obtain, even in Gibraltar, all the outfit and etceteras of attire that he needs. There are two fine new roads from North Point to "the Lines" which is the boundary of British territory, and round the back of Catalan Bay to the mouth of the tunnel which pierces the Rock, the first named after a former Governor-General, Sir H. Smith-Dorrien, and the other after Gen. Miles.



RELICS OF ANCIENT WAR: St. George's Hall, in the Rock, one of the old gallery chambers where many a hard fight was waged in days gone by against the Spaniards

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A fine example of pine panelling in eighteenth century style. One of the most interesting features of the room is the chimney-piece which is ornamented with intricate carving. The decorations and mahogany furniture are by Messrs. Howard and Sons, Ltd., of Berners Street

Straw is one of the newest notes introduced by the French decorator André Groult. The chair in the picture is made entirely of straw with plaid wool upholstery. The walls of the room are also of straw

On left—A very modern bathroom carried out in black, white, and silver. The floor and panel are real mosaic-work and the black washing basin is fitted with chromium-plated fittings

On left—Here is a bathroom with a true aquatic atmosphere about it. The walls are in real mosaic in attractive shades of green, blue, red, and yellow, whilst the bronze metal-work is of a greenish hue

PAINT and PAPER—CRE

Dress Your House as You Dress Attention to Renovation, to Detail,

By MARJORIE

There is an old saying which reads, "There is a fault in the house, but would you have it otherwise?"

Whilst not disparaging the wisdom of this saw, I think most of us could with certainty say that we would prefer the boredom of perfection rather than life in a house where one is continually irritated by annoying domestic inconveniences.

Fortunately, however, faults can be remedied and now is the psychological moment to set to work to do it.

The Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia, now open, affords an opportunity for us to acquaint ourselves with the newest inventions. We are able to see almost at a glance the most economical and practical ways of putting our house in order. In addition to this "The Sphere" offers in this issue a comprehensive review of the latest furnishing, decorative, and scientific ideas for the home.

A woman of my acquaintance recently told me that she laid aside at least one day a year in which to review her home; weighing up its assets and its liabilities as it were.

She tried to look upon it with the eyes of a critical stranger, for, as she very rightly said, "I grow only too familiar with my home, that I fail to see its shortcomings."

This seems to me to be a practical idea which many of us would do well to adopt.

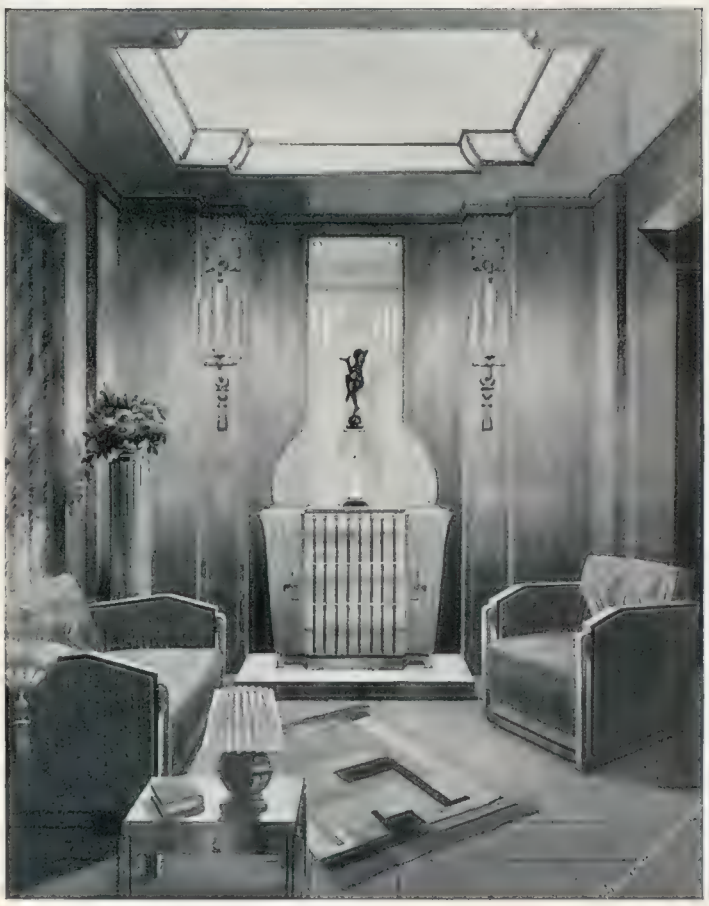
The price of furnishing fabrics has never been so low, so if you need new curtains now is the time. Primrose yellow, pale peach pink or saffron coloured filet net curtains may help to change the whole appearance of a room for they will magnify the smallest rays of sunshine, and for outer curtains gay cretonnes patterned with realistic Spring flowers can be purchased for a few shillings a yard.

If the walls and paintwork require redecorating

ING your HOME in SPRING

This straight-fronted bureau which can be fitted into a sectional book-case is an entirely new feature recently introduced by Messrs. Minty of Oxford, who are already famous for their book-case and chairs

On extreme right above—A lounge hall in the modern style. The walls are veneered with richly figured woods and the effect on them created by the indirect ceiling lighting is very pleasing and restful. The radiator is decoratively treated and surmounted with a mirrored panel. Hampton and Sons, Pall Mall



Picture by Vera and Humphrey Joel

On right—A corner of the living-room in Miss Gertrude Lawrence's flat, Portland Place. The room is characterized by excellent furniture spacing, which attains a clever balance between overcrowding and bareness

On right—Another portion of Miss Gertrude Lawrence's living-room. Curtains hanging seemingly sheer from the ceiling are singularly attractive. In reality the cornice boards disguise rings and cords. The amusing fireside table has legs like a child's play-pen, hollow and rounded

TONNE and LINEN

Yourself—with Due and to Accessories

DAY

choose a colour scheme that is entirely different from the existing one, for there is nothing so mentally stimulating as a change of colour in one's surroundings.

So many women are to-day taking advantage of the existing low prices and replenishing their linen cupboards. I recently discovered some hand-woven bath mats made of a deep pile cotton with a lightly woven back. These mats are obtainable in two-toned and rainbow colourings and cost only 6s. 9d. each.

Sheets with corded hems in the place of hemstitching are very much the vogue at the moment. They are very practical for they last longer than the hemstitched variety and are easier to launder. The corded stitching may be in one or two rows, and in a contrasting colour, or white as desired.

Half-bleached linen sheets are another novelty. They are noted for their durability and will in time wash white, whilst still retaining their weight.

The new artificial silk face-towels should prove very popular for they are particularly soft and wash well.

Many varieties of table mats and cloths can now be bought at most attractive prices, and these, and also the articles which I have previously mentioned, may be seen at such well-known houses as Debenham and Freebody and Robinson and Cleaver.

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An Exceptionally Fine Seventeenth Century Reproduction

156/21. A Walnut Side Table with one drawer, the front of which is inlaid with Fruit Woods. The front legs are hollow twisted. Size: 2 feet 9 inches wide, 20 inches deep, 3 feet high.

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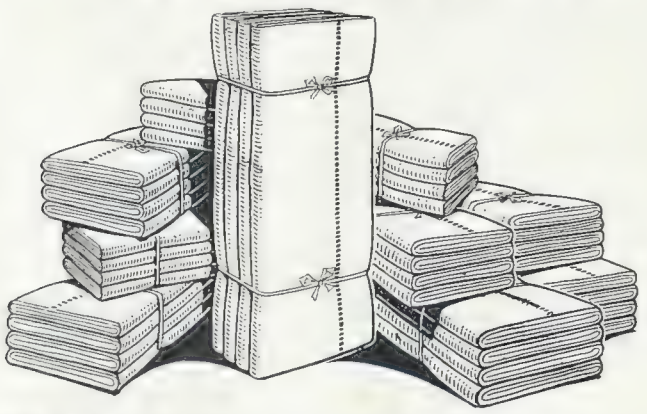

1500 HALF BLEACHED IRISH LINEN HEMMED SHEETS. Noted for hard wear. 2×3 yds. Will wash white. Each **12/9**

500 PAIRS SERVICEABLE IRISH LINEN SHEETS finished with cord hems, recommended for hard wear. 2 yds. wide, 3¼ yds. long. Per pair **32/6**
2 yds. wide, 3¼ yds. long - Per pair **42/-**

500 PAIRS FINE IRISH LINEN SHEETS, hand hemstitched, laundered, ready for use. 2 yds. wide, 3¼ yds. long. Per pair **39/6**
2 yds. wide, 3¼ yds. long - Per pair **52/6**

350 PAIRS FULLY LAUNDERED IRISH LINEN SHEETS, woven by reliable maker, hemstitched by hand. 2 yds. wide, 3¼ yds. long. Per pair **37/6**
2½ yds. wide, 3¼ yds. long - Per pair **49/6**

250 PAIRS PURE IRISH LINEN HEMSTITCHED SHEETS. 2 yds. wide, cut 3 yds. long. Per pair **19/6** AND **22/6**

Samples sent on approval.

Debenham&Freebody

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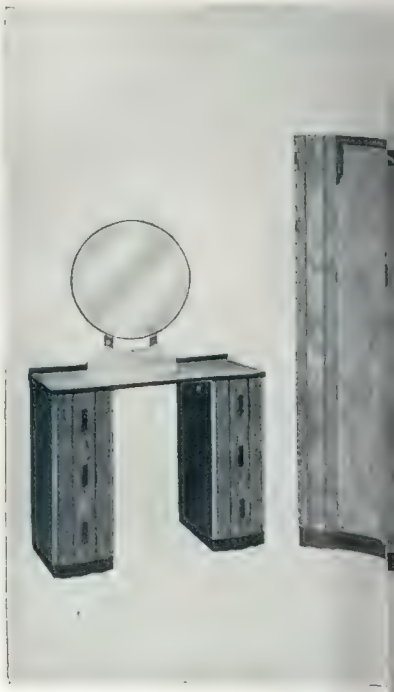
FURNITURE and FUR

A Variety of Incidentals that Contribute to

It is I think true to say that all furniture is directly or indirectly an expression of the social life of the time. Therefore in an age such as ours it is not surprising to find that the outstanding characteristics of the furniture and homes of to-day are its beauty of line, its absolute simplicity and practicability, its excellent workmanship throughout, and above all its ingenuity.

Unlike the days of our grandmothers when quantity counted rather than quality the true art of furnishing the modern home is by process of elimination. Generally speaking we choose only those pieces which have some definite claim to utility. Interesting examples of present-day furnishing can be seen at Messrs. Hampton and Sons, Ltd., of Pall Mall, where a series of flats, furnished throughout for varying sums are displayed. These model rooms are invaluable to the home-maker, for when one is purchasing furniture it is one thing to see the several pieces separately and another to see them assembled together against a back ground.



In the furniture world to-day a
The modern suite illustrated above
sycamore wood and pink

An excellent selection of furnishing cretonnes may also be seen at Messrs. Hamptons', and you will always be amply repaid for a visit to the china and glass department.

One is rather inclined to regard Whiteley's as a general store, forgetting, perhaps, the fact that they have a most remarkable furnishing department where one can see a large selection of period and modern furniture. An example of a modern bedroom suite is illustrated above. When you are bringing your kitchen up to date this springtime remember also that Whiteley's have an excellent selection of useful domestic gadgets.

Many wise collectors of antiques are taking full advantage of the present rather low prices and are paying frequent and fruitful visits to well-known and reputable antique dealers, as for example the Messrs. Howard and Sons, whose spacious premises are situate in an historical house in Berners Street. There you will find room upon room of interesting specimens. Messrs. Howard's have also long been famous for their faithful copies of genuine antiques.

The importance of a comfortable and hygienic bed cannot be overstressed; only too frequently one buys a bed just by looking at it, without giving thought to the mattress and springs.

The well-known "Beautyrest" is an excellent type of mattress, made on specially scientific lines. The interior is made up of hundreds of highly tempered resilient steel springs which are covered with clean new cotton felt. The whole is then covered with attractive good quality ticking in colourful designs and the mattress itself delivered in a sealed dustproof carton.

A charming cretonne for the
duces many of our famous au
obtainable in a variety of
and costs 2s. 11d. a ya

FOOT'S ADJUSTABLE REST-CHAIR

AN IDEAL EASY CHAIR THAT CAN BE INSTANTLY CHANGED INTO A SEMI- OR FULL-LENGTH COUCH.

THE "BURLINGTON."

Simply press a button and the back declines or automatically rises. Release the button and the back is instantly locked.

The sidesopen outwards, affording easy access. The Leg Rest is adjustable to various inclinations, and when notinuse it slides under the seat.

Catalogue C 9 of Adjustable Chairs Post Free.

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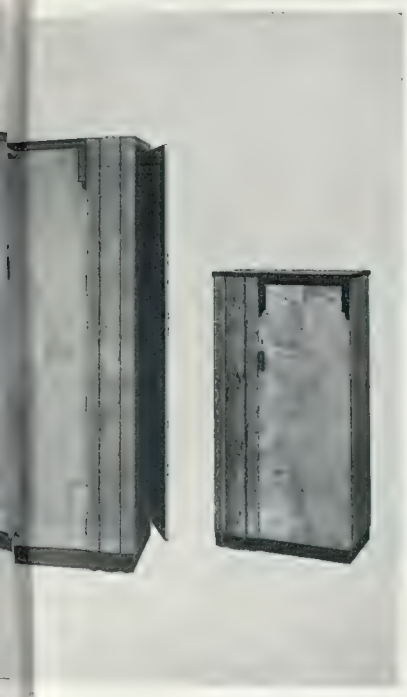
Automatic Adjustable Back.

RNISHING FABRICS

the Comfort and Well-Being of Your Home



arge variety of woods are used. s carried out in a richly grained naple. Wm. Whiteley

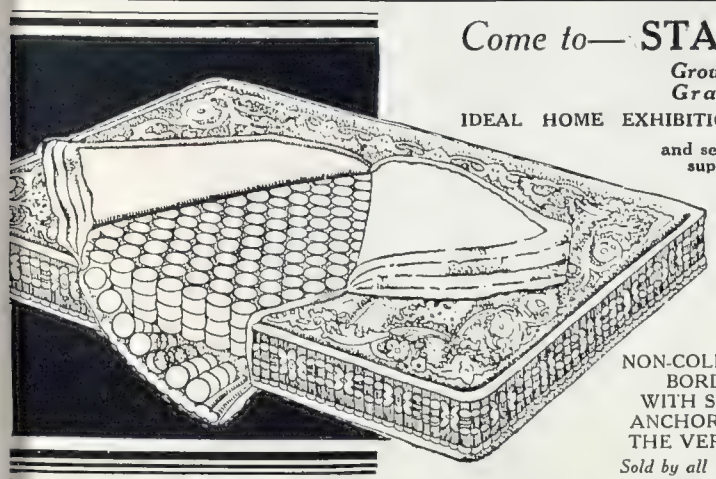
Minty of Oxford, who are already famous for their sectional bookcases, have an entirely new feature in the form of a straight-fronted bureau which may be fitted into the bookcases to suit one's own convenience. This possesses ample pigeon-holes and sliding hatch-way, two drawers and a useful cupboard beneath, with the modern cornice and base. The bookcases themselves, of course, are well-known for their adapt-able qualities. They can be fitted into any size or shape of room. An illustra-tion of this new bureau is shown upon the preceding page.

Even in the house where there is no invalid to be considered, an adjust-able reclining chair is a most useful piece of furniture to possess. One model I saw recently was made by J. Foot and Son, Ltd., of Great Portland Street, London, and it had many admir-able qualities. For one thing the ex-tended sides to the upper part of the back formed convenient rests for the head, and added not only to the com-fort of the chair but also to its appear-ance, whilst the head pillow could be moved to suit the height of the occu-pant. The back of the chair could also be adjusted by pressing a small button beneath the right arm. There was also an easily adjusted leg-rest which could be folded and used as a footstool when not required. This, of course, is only one of Messrs. Foot's many types of "invalid accessories."

There is safety in secrecy. Nowadays a safe hiding place for jewels, trinkets, and cash may be installed by removing a brick from the wall of one's room and replacing it with a Chubb's wall safe. It is strong enough to resist fire and the jemmy of the casual burglar, and, because it is so easily hidden by a picture or a mirror few burglars would even suspect its existence. And you can now buy these safes for as little as £1.

There is a new hand vacuum cleaner on the market, sponsored by Messrs. L. G. Hawkins and Co., Ltd., which you will find invaluable in your home. It will for instance clean your stairs, your upholstery or your curtains. But this is not all. A bristle bar nozzle adjustment enables it to whisk up surface clinging débris such as threads or dog's hairs. Again a flexible rubber nozzle attachment is very effective for blowing dust ont of places impossible to reach otherwise, for instance, the strings of a grand piano. The third attachment is quite original. It is in the form of a glass bowl, in which are placed special crystals, which when the vacuum is working give off a slightly poisonous gas strong enough to kill moths and other pests. This gas is of course entirely harmless to human beings, in fact it is very effective and refreshing for a stale or smoky atmosphere. The price is £3 19s. 6d.

orthe nursery which intro-us nursery rhyme folk. It is ty of colours, is 31 in. wide a yard. Harvey Nichols



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NON-COLLAPSIBLE BORDERS WITH SPRINGS ANCHORED TO THE VERY EDGE

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Two examples of dignified BEDROOM FURNITURE

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Hamptons' No. B.6080. Reproduction Mahogany Bow-Front Bedroom Suite. Comprising :—5 ft. 0 in. Wardrobe, two-thirds fitted shelf, rod and hooks; one-third, two drawers and sliding shelves with a long mirror inside one door; 3 ft. 6 in. Kneehole Dressing Table with triple mirrors; 2 ft. 6 in. wide by 3 ft. 6 in. high Chest Cupboard; one Chair and one Stool. Complete for **£89 10 0**
Pedestal to match, **£6 7 6** extra.

Separate Prices :—			Chest Cupboard ...		£15 15 0
Warbrobe		£47 10 0	Chair		£2 7 6
Dressing Table ...		£24 10 0	Stool		£1 19 6

Hamptons' No. B.6031. Walnut Bedroom Suite with cross-banded burr-figured panels. Comprising :—5 ft. 0 in. Wardrobe, two-thirds fitted shelf, rod and hooks for hanging, one-third fitted sliding shelves. 3 ft. 9 in. drop-centre Dressing Table with triple frameless mirrors; 2 ft. 9 in. Chest Cupboard; and two Cane Seat Chairs. Complete for **£79 10 0**

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CVS-16

MAY'S IN DISGRACE!

She's been drawing ships on the wall. But don't be hard on her. It *is* annoying to have them marked, especially when they have been newly decorated and were looking absolutely perfect, but in addition to creating such delightful surfaces

HYGEIA
FLAT WALL-FINISH

is *washable* and may be cleaned and cleaned again without in the least spoiling its beauty. "Hygeia" is thoroughly resistive to damp and decay. That's why it is always selected by particular people. Ask your Decorator to use this splendid *British Made* Wall Finish in *your* home.

This booklet, beautifully produced in colour by litho-offset, will aid you in selecting fascinating colour schemes for your home. Send a postcard for a free copy.

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SPECIAL HOME SECTION OF "THE SPHERE"

The Treatment of WALLS and FLOORS

And Other Domestic Secrets of the Well-Run House

Modern woman knows the value of a cleverly wielded paint-brush, and therefore at this time of year she will make it her business to acquaint herself with all that is new in the world of interior decoration. If you call in the aid of a reliable decorator he will, of course, help you, but personally I think it is rather fun to know enough to be able to have a substantial finger in the pie oneself, as it were.

One rather new wall treatment is sponsored by the firm of Pinchin Johnson, who offer the world's widest paint service. "Cementilk" it is called and it is just like stone in everything but price. This material may be applied to almost any surface, it is durable and washable. Cementilk surface is fireproof and since it is non-

Real mosaic work is a popular and of to-day. Here in greens, reds and ground for a modern bathroom

On left — A unique bay to a dining-room which has a decorative fountain in the centre. The walls are painted in a delicate shade of egg-shell blue

On left — Details of an old Georgian Adam mantelpiece beautifully carved in white statuary marble. From M. Harris and Sons

On left — A reliable water softener is an indispensable accessory in every home. Here is shown the well-known Permutit installation made by United Water Softeners, Ltd.

decorative wall treatment in the home yellows, it forms an attractive back- and small dressing-room

absorbent it may be safely painted over any number of times to produce any desired finish.

Plain walls are still very much more popular than patterned ones, although whether they be painted, papered, or distempered, some small interest is usually created on the surface. Stippled or shaded walls are most usual. Various new wall treatments are shown in this section, in one instance straw is used and in another the material is glass.

It is surprising what a difference a re-stained or re-polished floor will make to a room. This is where you will find "Solignum" indispensable. Solignum is an attractive stain for wood, also it is a preservative. It is obtainable in a wide range of colours, some eighteen in all. Solignum combines the three main essentials of a floor stain. It is rich in appearance, it has a non-scratching surface and a lasting effect. The outdoor variety not only gives it an attractive appearance but ensures the long life of the wood.

Furniture can be made to look almost like new if it is treated and cleaned in the right way. "Dirsof" is the latest product of the "Ronuk" factory. It is a pure emulsion which can be used undiluted or diluted with cold or warm water, and it has extraordinary properties for removing dirt. By its use paint, varnish, and enamel are restored to their original freshness. After the application of "Dirsof" it is advisable to polish the article with "Ronuk," the cream, of course, for furniture and "floor polish" for parquet, stained wood, or linoleum.

Considerable discomfort is caused one way and another by hard water, to say nothing of the detrimental effect on one's health, so much so that it is surprising to find such a large number of homes without their "water softener." On their stand at the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia the firm of United Water Softeners are displaying a large variety of plant. A type in very wide demand is the portable "Permutit" bath water softener, a compact appliance which fits across the bath in the same way as an ordinary sponge tray.

Owing to lack of protection, Dry-rot penetrated behind this wooden casing to such an extent that all the timber had to be replaced at considerable cost. Solignum is a definite preventative of Dry-rot

The Penalty of not protecting Timber

If the trifling cost of Solignum had been included in the outlay on these structures, the destruction caused by Dry-rot, in the one case, and White Ant, in the other, could not have happened.

The cost of Solignum is but a fraction of the value of the timber protected and to shirk this expenditure is not an economy but must lead to definite and heavy loss

The destruction caused by White Ants was so great in this structure as to render it useless in an incredibly short time. Treatment with Solignum would have saved this loss

THE WOOD SOLIGNUM PRESERVATIVE

MADE IN EIGHTEEN DIFFERENT COLOURS IN BOTH EXTERIOR & INTERIOR QUALITY BY THE SOLE MAKERS AND PROPRIETORS

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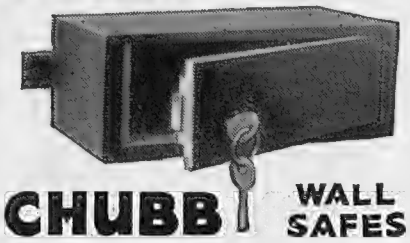
STAND 150 IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION



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Easily built into the wall, or inserted in place of brick. Can be hidden by a picture.

Newest type, with bent steel body, lugs at back for extra security. Flat keys.

No. 1 (illustrated above). Inside measurement:— 2¾" high × 8½" wide × 3¾" deep **£1**

Also Size 2. Inside measurement:— 6" high × 8½" wide × 3¾" deep ... **£2**

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Also at 68, St. James's Street, Pall Mall, S.W.1, and 39, Aldwych, W.C.2

Master the Piano Easily, Quickly ENJOYABLY

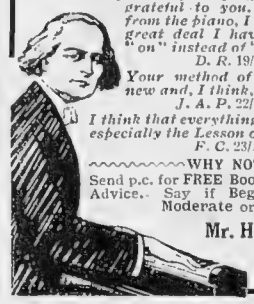
To learn to play **really beautifully** is not difficult —*it is easy*—**with proper teaching!** Even if you start at middle-age not knowing a note, I CAN TEACH YOU to play so that your friends **will want you always.** I will send you BY POST such Sun-clear, Fascinating Lessons from ordinary musical notation, no freakish methods, that you **simply cannot fail.** I have taught 35,000 adults this way, and I guarantee to please and even surprise you with your rapid progress.

PROOF

I have enjoyed every minute of the time spent in carrying out your wonderful instructions. Both the Muscular and Keyboard exercises are simply marvellous. I am astonished with the marked improvement in my melody playing and I feel deeply grateful to you. In studying away from the piano, I have realised what a great deal I have missed in looking "on" instead of "into" the music.
D. R. 19/2/32. U35502. Age 20.

Your method of Touch is something new and, I think, sensible.
J. A. P. 22/2/32. U35600. Age 20.

I think that everything is clearly explained, especially the Lesson on Time.
F. C. 23/2/32. U35017. Age 20.



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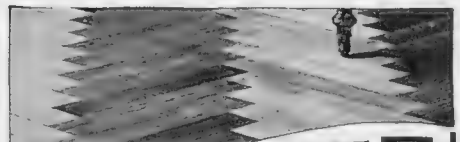

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'Phone: Putney 2129 *Estd. 1889*

SPECIAL HOME SECTION OF "THE SPHERE"

LIGHTING and HEATING in the MODERN

New and Efficient Treatments of Electricity, Gas, Slow Combustion Fue a

The relatively large number of gas consumers in this country will, I feel sure, find special interest in the gas exhibits which are to be seen at the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia, where many new cooking and heating appliances are being demonstrated. On one stand will also be shown a comprehensive range of the latest gas and coke fires in different finishes and surrounds. The gas lighting fittings, too, are well worth attention because they contradict a fallacy that is far too prevalent—the idea that gas lighting is not artistic. Here it certainly is, and interest is added by the new distance control devices.

The claim of electricity must not be forgotten, and many of us find it practical and economical to have an electrically run home. Many new labour-saving devices are now on the market which will help to solve the servant problem. Original ways of lighting the home electrically are brought forth almost every day. You will find many attractive examples illustrated elsewhere in this section.

It is curious to note how quickly in England during the last few years the popularity of central heating has spread, and we are fast realizing that it is in the end one of the most economical methods of warming the house. In this connection the name of Messrs. Drake and Gorham, Ltd., of Grosvenor Gardens, Westminster, comes to my mind, for, for the last forty-five years they have been the foremost specialists in this branch of heating, and still remain so to-day. Installations put in houses as far back as forty-five years ago are still proving themselves efficient.

When one is overhauling the efficiency of one's kitchen, an inspection into the ability of the "Aga" cooker is advisable. Although it is large enough to cook for sixteen people it permits the user definitely to limit the annual cost of cooking to less than £4. The "Aga" burns coke or anthracite fuel, and therefore there is no daily fire to light. It provides, without any manipulation whatsoever, all the variations in hot plate and oven temperatures which modern cooking demands. The thermostat is entirely automatic and foolproof, but its most interesting feature is the

A luminous bed-recess will provide efficient lighting for reading in bed. General Electric Company

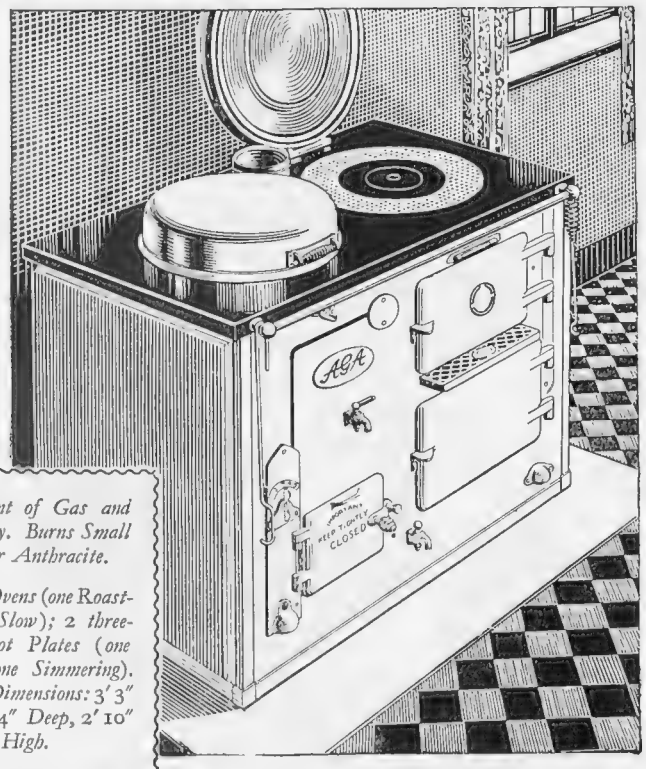
Here the well-known "Cosy Stove" is seen in an attractive setting. It is continual burning and thus saves much labour

An eleven-radiant flat-fronted interior fire with stainless steel surround. The tiles are mottled blue-brown

The new "Cobble Beam" gas fire has no radiants. When alight it has the appearance of a coal fire

"AGA INSTALLED"★ MEANS

— Cooking bill reduced to £1 per quarter—Contented servants in cool, clean kitchen . . .



Independent of Gas and Electricity. Burns Small Coke or Anthracite.

2 Large Ovens (one Roasting, one Slow); 2 three-vessel Hot Plates (one Boiling, one Simmering). Overall Dimensions: 3′ 3″ Wide, 2′ 4″ Deep, 2′ 10″ High.

10-Gallon Hot Water Tank, Draught controlled by Thermostat — Automatic Fuel Filler.

Cooks for Small or Large Households for precisely the same Fuel Cost.

Insulated throughout with Bell's Asbestos in such a way as to keep the kitchen comfortably warm — no more.

The Aga Cooker can easily be installed in the place of or in front of your present range.

★ *The Aga, now British made with British Capital, was first made and sold in Sweden, where within less than two years, thousands have been installed. And now . . . Advertisements for Cooks in Sweden often contain as an added inducement, the significant words—"Aga installed."*

THIS Aga Cooker everybody's talking about is an uncommonly sound investment which shows a big saving on each quarter's fuel bill. For the Aga (invented by a Nobel Prize Winner) cannot consume more than 25 cwt. of coke or anthracite in 12 months, burning day and night all the year round. Besides, women find it simple to cook *on* and cool to cook *at!* It is compact, too. Nothing can go wrong. It is always ready for use—yes, even in the grim dawn!

We have no more room, but a lot more to say. So please write for our 16-page fully illustrated Aga Booklet.

FUEL FOR THE AGA COOKER

COSTS LESS THAN £1 PER QUARTER

The Aga Cooker can be installed on Deferred Payments System for an initial sum of £5 : 10 : 0.

Enquiries Bureau, Bell's Heat Appliances Ltd., 157 Queen Victoria St., E.C.4.
'Phone: Central 6281.

THE AGA COOKER IS BRITISH MADE

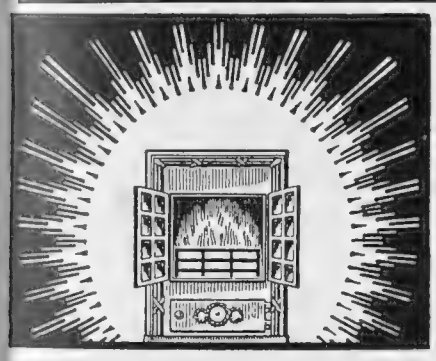
HOME of TO-DAY

and Candles

fact that it has two ovens, one slow and one quick. The cosy stove shown below must be mentioned. It burns ordinary kitchen coal, will continue for twelve hours on one stoking, and can be adapted to give an efficient hot-water supply.

And last, but by no means least, one must not forget the persistent claim of candles for a prominent place in our home. In these days of many inventions and brilliant lighting effects, it is a luxury to dine in the quieter, restful glow of candle-light. . . Attractive, tall, tapering "Nell Gwynn" candles may be obtained in various heights and colours at very modest price.

On right—
The "Aga" is one of the most efficient cookers. It has all the advantages of a modern stove and is most economical



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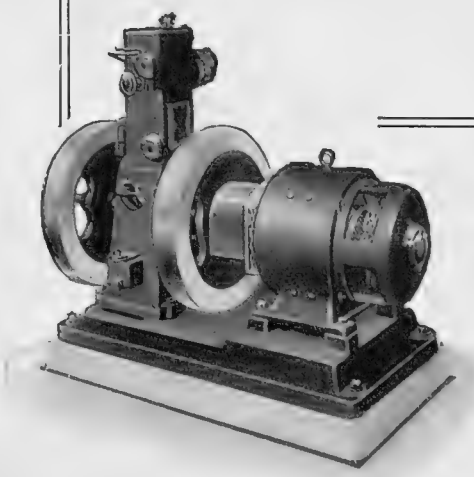

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The PETROL World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

LEGAL TRIVIALITIES. — Thanks to the last Government, it is now illegal to build a motor-car without a safety-glass windscreen and a driving mirror. We are also forced by law to keep some kind of fire extinguisher in our garage. Most sensible motorists obviously do not require a grandmotherly Government to tell them such elementary precautions, and it is very doubtful whether the Houses of Parliament should have their time wasted in discussing such trivial details of motoring. As a matter of fact, it is very questionable if these regulations have made motoring any safer. Let us consider the safety-glass windscreen. In the course of a year's work in testing various makes of cars, I run across quite a number that possess windscreens which definitely distort the view ahead. For my own peace of mind and for my own safety, I always insist on the windscreen glass being "plate" and not "sheet," as it is always difficult to obtain the latter so that the road ahead is not wavy or permanently bent to the left or the right. Sheet safety-glass is quite satisfactory for side windows, though plate is preferable even if it is more expensive.

The whole idea of safety-glass is, of course, to prevent the occupants or third parties from being cut by flying splinters, but its employment makes motoring more dangerous from a different point of view. Should a saloon fitted throughout with safety-glass have such an accident that the doors jammed and the car caught fire, it is far more difficult to break a way through the windows and escape than if the ordinary type of glass were used. I am not suggesting for one moment that we should go back to the old days of ordinary glass, but it is just as well to point out that when we make a change in order to gain an advantage, and Governments should take note, we very often find that we are saddled at the same time with a disadvantage which is not always so apparent as the item on the other side of the balance sheet.

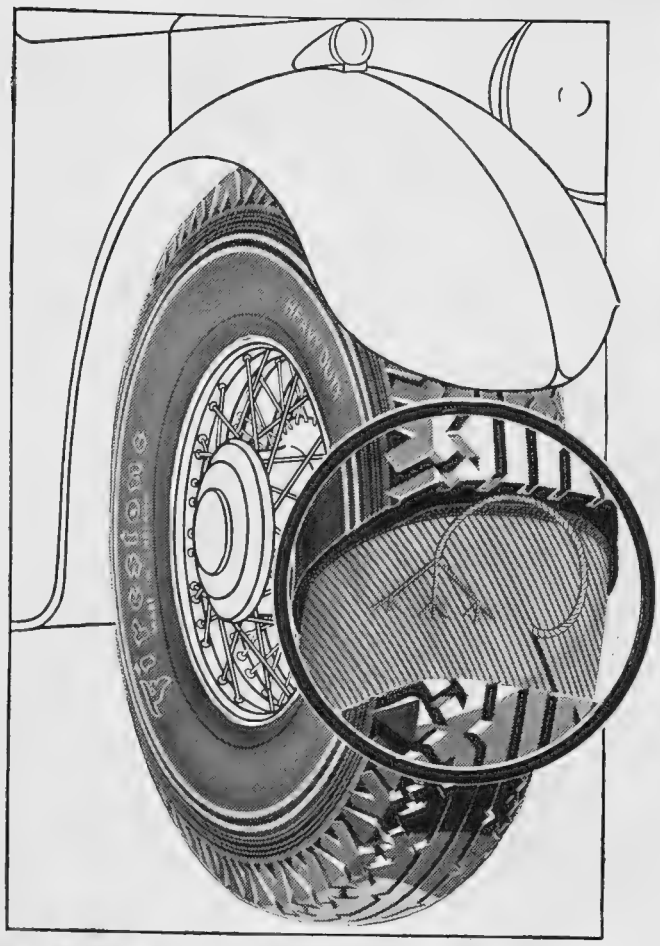
GRANDMOTHERLY TACTICS.—We must all carry a driving mirror, but I am afraid that unless every driver had a Government inspector beside him no power on earth would make the individual controlling the car use that mirror all the time. After all, a piece of silvered glass stuck in a bracket beside a car cannot of itself prevent an accident, and so it is rather a pathetic thought that the great Mother of Parliaments has wasted some of its valuable time framing and passing a regulation compelling us to carry one.

Government interference is now met with in connection with our tyres, and I have heard of cases where well-intentioned but grossly ignorant police constables have stopped cars and lorry drivers because they were honestly of the opinion that a tyre with a whitish streak in the centre of the tread was faulty. Before chief constables allow their officers to pose as expert motorists they should be certain that they know what they are talking about. To spot a dangerously worn tyre on a moving car is difficult even if pieces of the tread appear to be flapping in the breeze.

All this Government interference can only be operated properly if those constables who are sent out to interpret these regulations are thoroughly experienced, skilful, and knowledgeable motorists. Happily our new Government up to the present has not added to our difficulties and I sincerely trust that we shall have no more pettifogging and childish orders.

CROCUS TIME: When the crocuses come out so do the cars and among the most popular on our roads are the Austin Sevens, a saloon de luxe of which is shown above

STANDARDIZING CONTROLS.—The Institution of Automobile Engineers in conjunction with the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders have done much useful work in standardizing many parts of motor-cars, but it seems to me that their efforts of late have slowed down, whilst the work ahead of them is still immense. If they are worried as to where they should start afresh may I suggest that it is high time some agreement was reached as to the relative positions of the clutch, accelerator, and brake pedals. In this year of grace it is absurd to find on one car the accelerator pedal in the middle, and on another on the extreme right. Personally I consider this practice every bit as dangerous as would be steering, which on some cars might entail the driver turning the wheel to the right when he wishes to go to the left, and on others as steering is to-day. It is easy to understand why the gear and brake levers are sometimes placed on the left and sometimes on the right, but there is no real difficulty in persuading all motor-manufacturers to place the accelerator pedal either in the centre or on the extreme right. The danger of the present mix-up is quite obvious. I find it extremely difficult myself changing as I do, from one car to another, whilst testing at week-ends, but the danger is not nearly so real as in the case of a man or woman who keeps a car for one or two years, and then buys another with the accelerator and brake pedals in different positions. They have become so accustomed to the old arrangement that it is not difficult to imagine that when driving a new car they would in an emergency press the accelerator instead of the brake pedal.



MORE MILES

—look at the gum-dipped cords

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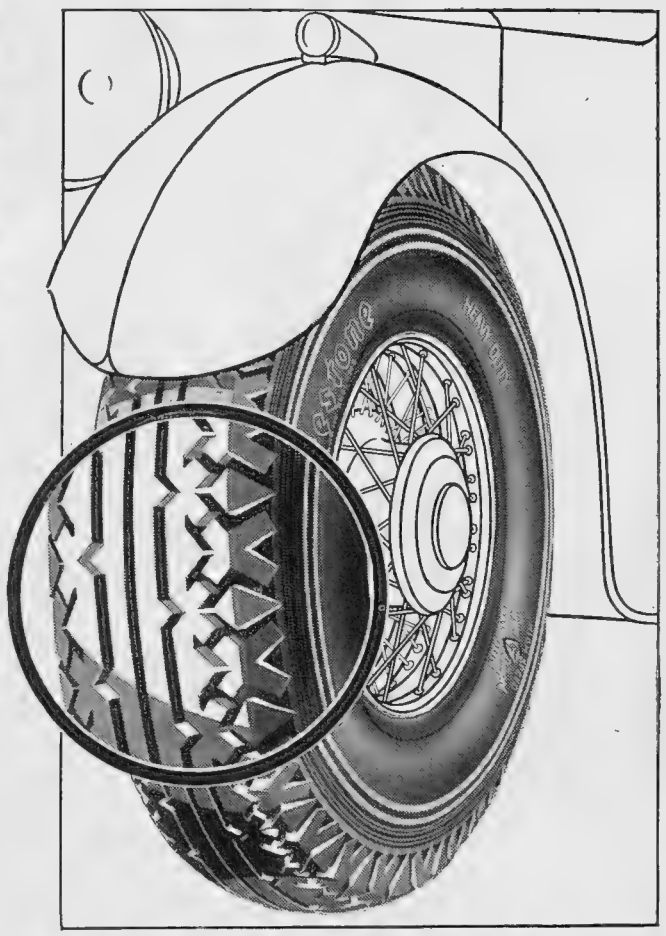

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THE ARCHANGEL GABRIEL AT HOME

(Continued from p. 49)

It is not long before the pilgrim is confronted with archangel stuff. Inside the gateway is the Piazza dei Sospiri—a wisecrack about those who call in vain and go away sighing their disappointment. The poet is full of wisecracks, many on tapestries or cut in stone, but they are such that he has to go with the honoured pilgrim, explaining them. For this is d'Annunzian humour, and his young officers and feminine chorus are well trained to go into hysterics of mirth as he does the round—as, for instance, when one enters a chamber and a dictionary—of swear words—ha! ha!—falls on one's head. The humour is not so evident in the refectory, the ceiling of which is covered by the red flag of the Quarnaro with the Fiume motto "Quis contra Nos?" across it. At one end of the refectory is an altar piled with war relics, and on shelves round the room are busts of Confucius, Buddha, St. Francis, and others, showing that all religions sprang from unity. The walls are decorated with Bible frescoes, contrived into the sacred and profane. Ever the cocktail. Beast and archangel. Each hall, room, picture, statue, piece of furniture, has its own motto and name, but what lots of them mean only the poet knows. A tapestry, for instance, shows: "Five Fingers, Five Sins." The stairs at every turn show: "Ave, Cave, Pave" (have fear). The whole place is dreadfully cluttered. One trips over curios, objêts d'art, ivories, old editions, antiques. Nothing simple; chronic over-decoration. Reflection of the poet's mind. The bathroom has a good joke, though. Tiled in white and blue, each white tile bears a Franciscan inscription. All tiles conduct to one gold tile inscribed, "Woman is a pest."

But the titbit is the room whither the poet hopes to be brought shortly before death. He aspires to fade mistily away, gazing upward at what he has fashioned for that ultimate moment. In an alcove is a couch shaped like a bier above which in a nocturnal sky are picked out in gold the invocations of him about to die: "A prisoner, I sing—Burning, I rise—Upward only—I have in me a fire eternal." At present the bier is covered with daggers, pistols, spurs, bombs. The poet's golden and other medals were until recently of the party, but one day he decided all such honours were beneath him and melted down the awards. A rich coverlet is marked with signs the secret of which none shall ever know. When life has gone out of him d'Annunzio wishes this cover and these daggers and things placed on his still form.

The "cell of pure dreams" (the dying chamber), also contains paintings of d'Annunzio's great loves, with Latin inscriptions.

And where, in that last hour, will the final women of the poet's life be? Standing around? No one knows the ritual he has laid down, but that it is formal and unique need not be doubted. I rather think ex-Legionaries and humble fishermen who helped to victual blockaded Fiume will play a leading part; in life, they are the poet's frequent visitors and, not infrequently these hard times, d'Annunzio has to try and find jobs for them. They can't all mount guard on the prow of the battleship *Puglia*—150 ft. of her—in the back garden. This, by the way, is the *pièce de résistance* of the outer precincts, together with the final grave. The *Puglia* was sunk, fished up, and presented by the Government to the poet who has a vast cabin of War-time mementos and receives on the deck under an awning. This is when he is feeling naval, and never did d'Annunzio like a vessel better than this dreadnought sunk motionless in the garden high, far above the nearest (calm) water. He can strut to his heart's content aboard her, wear admiral's kit, send flag-adjutants to represent him round Italy, fire salutes. On glorious anniversaries he poops off, to remind the neighbourhood, and on special occasions—such as the passage of the Duke of Aosta's body—he will spend lots and lots of money pooping.

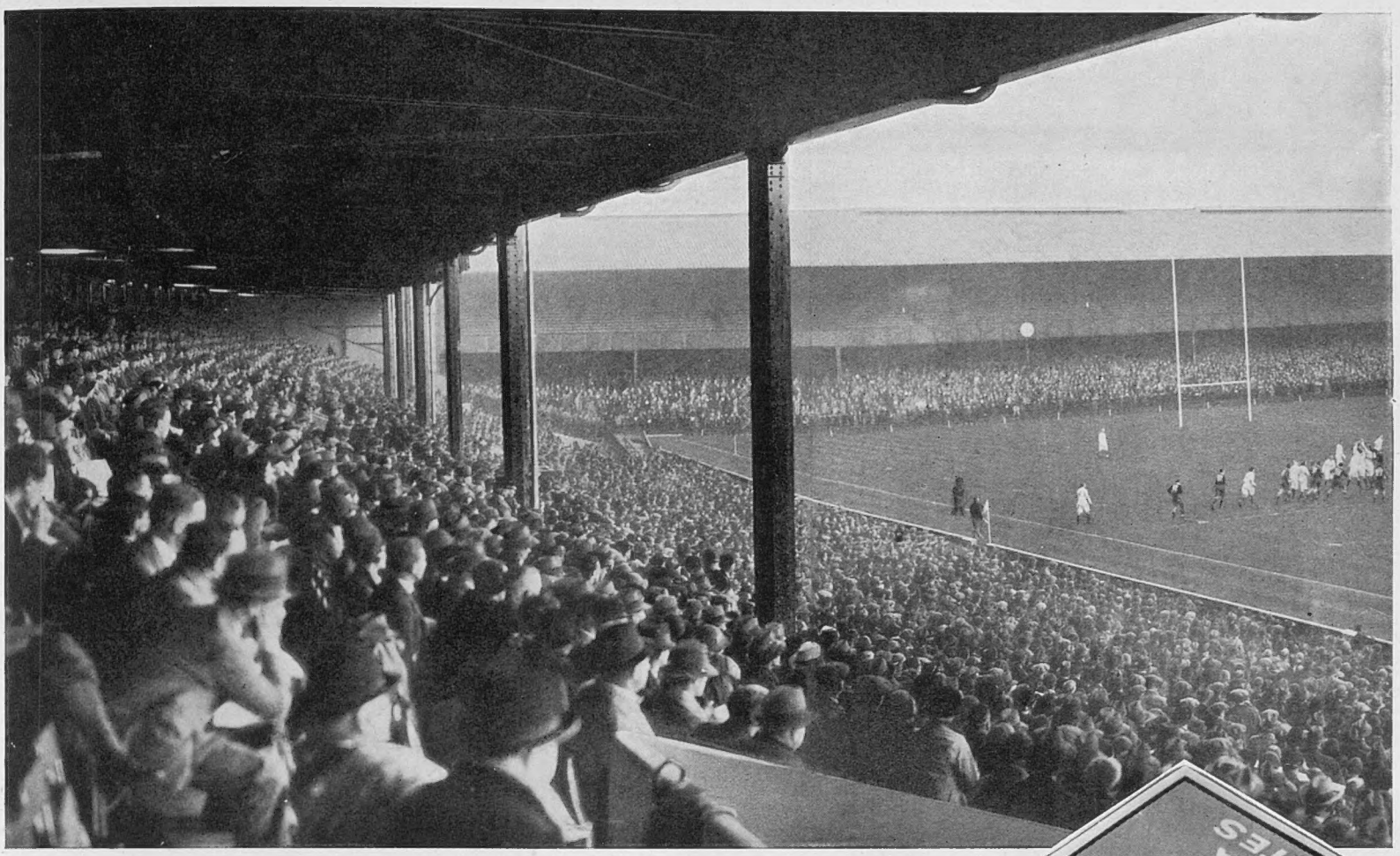
Other titbits of the grounds are: A series of little bridges over a brook falling down the mountain side, with machine-guns from Diaz in position; pieces of rock and mounds of earth taken from the Carso and Asiago and Piave; and various commemorative columns.

And there is the aeroplane from which d'Annunzio dropped leaflets on Vienna (he had got bombs aboard, but was ordered to discard them; so much for the rubbish about his "humanitarianism"—hurrah, every time for getting that war in perspective!). There is the mast from which flies the red flag of the Quarnaro.

Shall it be confessed that there's just one thing about him and his ultimate caperings which attracts this chronicler? It is his retention of that Angèle who was at Arcachon with him back in the years before the War. "Angèle," writes Signor Nardelli, "came to him first in Paris. Just a maid, a servant girl, with a round, innocent face, a pure complexion, two bright eyes marked by barely discernible brows, a graceful figure. The great ladies come and go; some have tried to combat her, some to dispossess her. Angèle remains, with her sweet smile, her unruffled temper, her enduring charm. Perhaps it is her unpretentiousness and her humility. Perhaps she is the one who has most thoroughly understood."

What?

ON THE SUNSHINE COAST OF PORTUGAL: The Earl and Countess Jellicoe at a luncheon party at the Estoril Palacio Hotel, one of the great caravanserais at the new resort of the élite, the Portuguese Riviera



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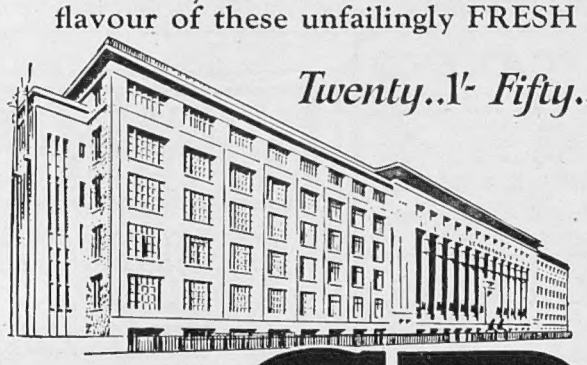

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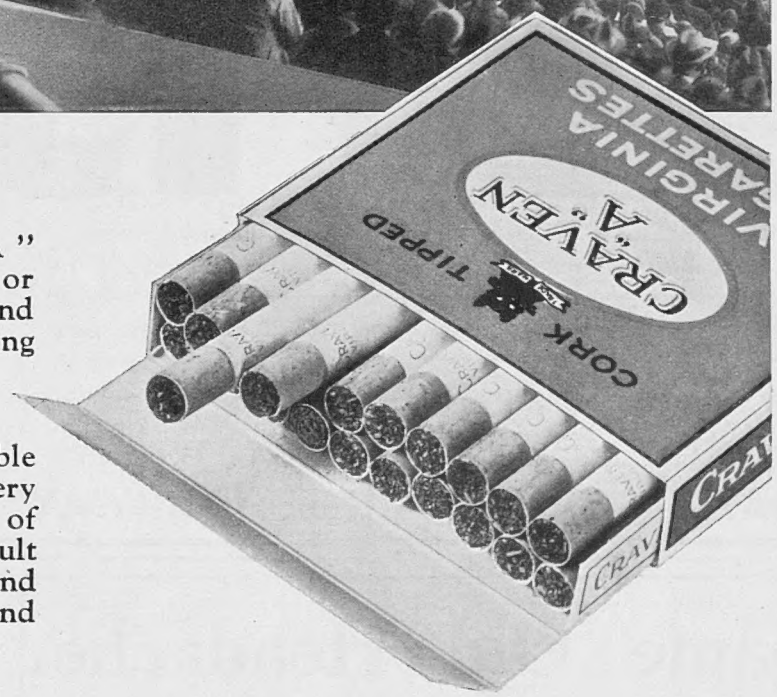

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CRAVEN "A"

made specially to prevent sore throats

BOOKS—*(Continued from p. 62)*

put his relations upon thrones. The tenderest and most tragic side of him is revealed in the story of the little King of Rome, *l'Aiglon*, whose birth sent France delirious with joy, whose cradle of pearl bore the crown of no proper kingdom, and whose upbringing in the Court of Vienna is one of the most touching stories in history.

I have enjoyed every line of Mr. E. M. Oddie's *Napoleon II, King of Rome* (Sampson, Low, Marston, Co. Ltd. 12s. 6d.). Mr. Oddie has just that note of criticism towards Napoleon that pleases me. He is not overcome by the glamour of Napoleon's career; he sees the ruthless beast as he really was. But his attention for the most part is focussed upon Napoleon's little son by Marie Louise, the filched bride from the House of Hapsburg. When the empire tottered the little King of Rome ceased to be of any importance. His glory was eclipsed. His court vanished, and the solitary child of four was deserted and became the Duke of Reichstadt, a charge of his father-in-law, the Emperor of Austria.

The little fellow's fidelity to the memory of his father endured through all the influences that were brought to play upon him. Compelled to surrender his native tongue, officered and schooled in the traditions of Austria, the frail child clung tenaciously to the memory of the father exiled at St. Helena. He seems to have been a gracious grave figure, earnest in mind, and pleasant in personality. He died of consumption at twenty-one and immediately became of importance again in history. The French suddenly remembered and mounted the heir to the throne of Napoleon, but Europe in general heaved a sigh of relief. Had his mother not deserted him for her lover and a petty court at Parma, there was a moment in European affairs when he might have made a successful bid for the throne of France. But death had put its finger on him. By a curious fate he lives now through the memory of the divine Sarah, a female figure in uniform, declaiming Rostand's words. Mr. Oddie has given us a most delightful biography.

When the passion grew upon me to possess a country retreat twelve month's survey of Southern England made me decide upon the Chilterns. The beauty of their enclosed valleys and beach-clad hills, the many acred fields, the dense woods, the cherry blossom, the lush river meadows, the flint-built churches, the clinging woods of Cliveden, the grand sweep of Henley, Watling Street, Grim's Dyke, and the Icknield Way, all these things, combined with proximity to London, settled my choice. And I was fortunate in the discovery of a triple-gabled Elizabethan cottage, set in a circle of hills and flowers, only one hour distant from my London door. The love of these Chilterns has gone deep into my blood.

It was with joy that I picked up *The Chilterns and the Thames Valley* by S. E. Winbolt (Bell's Pocket Guides. 3s. 6d.) I do not wish to seem ungrateful but Mr. Winbolt's text is too much confined to matters ecclesiastical. The facts about churches overwhelm the reader, and he is laconic about other matters. Indeed from the text of this small book one could gather no impression of the richness of tradition, the architecture, the floral and sylvan beauty of this varied countryside, with its six hundred-foot sweep to the sky, its grand vistas, its enclosed villages. And this guide would disappoint Mr. Belloc. The inns are terribly neglected. There is no mention of *The Spreadeagle* at Thame, the *Feathers* at Wallingford, and one exquisite retreat near to me, the *Rainbow* at Assendon.

It is Mr. Edgar Ward who makes this book a treasure with his beautiful photographs. They are exquisitely produced. What an artist he is. He has the sharp eye for the fall of a roof, the angle of a street, the sun upon the hills, the silver of water at the bend. Again and again I have gone through this book merely to look at his plates. There is summer in each of his photographs, with the leafy lane half in shadow, the drowsy village street, the slow horses, the old houses dreaming. There is an old-fashioned line-map as an end plate, which delights me because it remembers my own obscure village, but surely in a pocket guide there should be a road map for the use of walkers? Yet with all its defects the guide is very cheap at the price. Any one of Mr. Ward's thirty illustrations is worth the cost.

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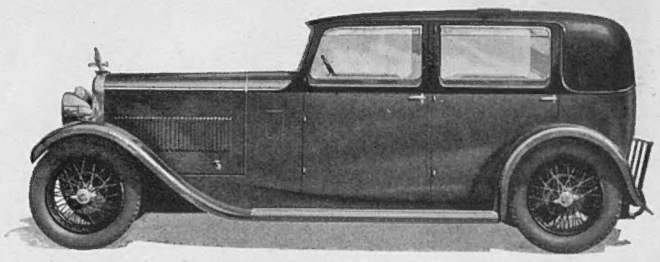
ALVIS



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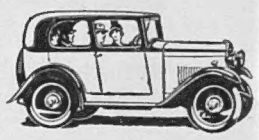

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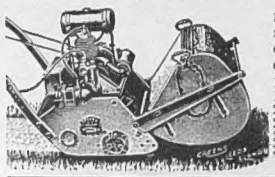

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Aberdeen - - The Caledonian Hotel
Aberystwyth - Hotel Victoria
Do. - Lion Royal Hotel
Alnwick - - White Swan Hotel
Alton - - - Swan Hotel
Ashford - - Ye Olde Saracens Head Hotel
Aylesbury - - Crown Hotel
Banbury - - White Lion Hotel
Bangor (N. Wales) Castle Hotel
Bangor (Co. Down) - Royal Hotel
Barmouth - - Marine Hotel
Barnstaple - - Waverley Hotel
Barrow-in-Furness Furness Abbey Hotel
Bath - - - - Bath Spa Hotel
Do. - - - Grand Pump Room Hotel
Bembridge, I.O.W. Birdham Hotel
Bettws-y-Coed - Waterloo Hotel
Blackpool - - Empire Private Hotel
Do. - - Imperial Hotel
Blairgowrie - - Sharpe's Temperance Hotel
Bournemouth - Branksome Tower Hotel
Do. - Cotford Hall Private Hotel
Do. - Haddon Hall Private Hotel
Do. - The Haven Hotel
Do. - The Imperial Hotel
Do. - Marina House Private Hotel
Do. - Osborne Priory Hotel
Do. - Westminster Hall Hotel
Bowness-on-Windermere Rigg's Crown Hotel
Box Hill - - Burford Bridge Hotel
Bradford-on-Avon Old Court Hotel
Bridge of Allan - Allan Water Hotel
Brighton - - Belvidere Mansions Hotel
Do. - - Hollywood Hotel
Broadway - - Lygon Arms Hotel
Brockenhurst - Brockenhurst Hotel
Bromley Hill - Bromley Hall Court Hotel
Brora - - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - - Sutherland Arms Hotel
Budleigh Salterton Rosemullion Hotel
Bushmills (Co. Antrim) - Causeway Hotel, Giant's Causeway
Buttermere - - Victoria Hotel
Buxton - - - The Bedford Hotel
Do. - - - The Old Hall Hotel
Callander - - Dreadnought Hotel
Do. - - Palace Hotel
Carrigart (Co. Donegal) - The Rosapenna Hotel
Catterick - - The Bridge House Hotel
Chagford - - Moor Park Hotel
Cheddar - - Cliff Hotel
Cheltenham - - Ellenborough Hotel
Do. - - Plough Hotel
Do. - - Pyatt's Hotel
Chepstow - - Beaufort Arms Hotel
Chester - - - Queen's Hotel
Cliftonville - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Grosvenor Court Hotel
Do. - - Kingscliffe Hotel
Do. - - Northdown Hall Hotel
Cork - - - Imperial Hotel
Criccieth - - Caerwylan Private Hotel
Do. - - Lion Hotel
Cromer - - - The Grand Hotel
Cromford, Matlock Greyhound Hotel
Dalkey (Co. Dublin) - Cliff Castle Hotel
Dawlish - - - Sefton Hotel
Derby - - - Friary Hotel
Do. - - - Midland Hotel
Dingle (Co. Kerry) Benner's Hotel
Dornoch - - Sutherland Arms Hotel
Droitwich Spa - Impney Hotel
Do. - Raven Hotel
Dublin - - - Central Hotel
Do. - - - Royal Hibernian Hotel
Do. - - - Shelbourne Hotel
Dumfries - - County Hotel
Dundee - - - Mather's Hotel
Do. - - - Royal British Hotel
Dunkeld - - Birnam Hotel
Dun Laoghaire (Dublin) - Ross's Hotel
Do. - - Royal Marine Hotel
Eastbourne - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Southdown Hotel
Do. - - The Chatsworth Hotel
Do. - - York House Hotel
Edinburgh - - Barnton Hotel, Cramond Bridge
Do. - - Caledonian Hotel
Do. - - Cranstons Old Waverley Hotel
Do. - - Roxburghe Hotel
Do. - - Royal British Hotel
Elie - - - Marine Hotel
Exeter - - - New London Hotel
Do. - - - Royal Clarence Hotel
Falmouth - - Falmouth Hotel
Do. - - Royal Hotel
Folkestone - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Queen's Hotel
Fort William - Imperial Hotel
Fowey - - - Fowey Hotel
Do. - - - Riverside Hotel
Do. - - - St. Catherine's Hotel
Glasgow - - Central Hotel
Do. - - - George Hotel, 235, Buchanan Street
Glasgow - - St. Enoch Hotel
Gleneagles - - Gleneagles Hotel
Glengarriff (Cork) Golf Links Hotel
Gloucester - - New Inn Hotel
Do. - - Wellington Hotel
Goathland - - The Goathland Hydro Hotel
Golspie - - - Sutherland Arms Hotel
Gorleston-on-Sea- The Pier Hotel
Grantown-on-Spey Grant Arms Hotel
Greenock - - Tontive Hotel
Gt. Malvern - Hardwicke Hotel
Guernsey - - Richmond Hotel
Guildford - - Shalford Park Hotel
Gullane - - - Bisset's Hotel
Do. - - - Marine Hotel
Halifax - - - White Swan Hotel
Harrogate - - Cairn Hydropathic Hotel
Do. - - Crown Hotel
Do. - - Granby Hotel
Do. - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Majestic Hotel
Do. - - Wellington Hotel
Hastings - - Queen's Hotel
Heathfield - - Heathfield Hotel
Henley-on-Thames - Imperial Hotel
Hereford - - Green Dragon Hotel
Hindhead - - Highcroft and Golfers Private Hotel
Horns Cross - Hoops Inn
Hove - - - St. Catherine's Lodge Hotel
Hull - - - White House Hotel
Hythe - - - Sutherland House Hotel
Inverness - - Station Hotel
Keswick - - Barrow House Hotel
Do. - - County Hotel
Do. - - Keswick Hotel
Do. - - The Borrowdale Hotel
Do. - - Skiddaw Hotel
Do. - - Queen's Hotel
Kingussie - - Star Hotel
Kyle of Lochalsh Loch Duich Hotel, Ardelve
Leamington Spa - Alkerton House Private Hotel
Do. - - Crown Hotel
Leeds - - - Queen's Hotel
Littlehampton - Southlands Hotel
Liverpool - - Adelphi Hotel
Do. - - Exchange Hotel
Do. - - North Western Hotel
Llandrindod Wells Ye Wells Hotel
Llandudno - - Empire Hotel
Do. - - Imperial Hotel
Loch Awe, Argyllshire - Loch Awe Hotel
London - - - Ambassadors Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1
Do. - - - Arundel Hotel, Arundel Street, W.C.2
Do. - - - Berkeley Court Hotel, 29, Leinster Gardens, W.2
Do. - - - Craven Hotel, Craven Street, W.C.2
Do. - - - Euston Hotel, Drummond Street, N.W.1
Do. - - - Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.
Do. - - - Jules Hotel, 85-86-87, Jermyn St., Piccadilly, S.W.1
Do. - - - Midland Grand Hotel, Euston Road, St. Pancras, N.W.1
Do. - - - New Norfolk Hotel, London St., W.2
Do. - - - Palace Hotel, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1
Do. - - - Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington, S.W.
Do. - - - Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Sq., S.W.1
Do. - - - South Kensington Hotel, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.
Do. - - - Stafford Hotel, St. James's Place, S.W.1
Do. - - - Three Nuns Hotel, Aldgate, E.C.3
Do. - - - West Central Hotel, 101, Southampton Row, W.C.1
Looe - - - Fieldhead Hotel
Lossiemouth - Stotfield Hotel
Lowestoft - - Esplanade Hotel
Do. - - Imperial Hotel
Lyme Regis - - Alexandra Hotel
Do. - - Pitt House Hotel
Do. - - Stile House Hotel
Do. - - The Bay Hotel
Lynmouth - - Tors Hotel
Lytham - - Clifton Hotel
Maidenhead - - Skindles Hotel
Do. - Dumb Bell Hotel
Malahide (Co. Dublin) - Grand Hotel
Malvern - - British Camp Hotel
Manchester - - Midland Hotel
Matlock - - Rockside Hydro
Do. - - The Lilybanks Hydro Hotel
Melrose - - Abbey Hotel
Milford-on-Sea - Kingsmede Hotel
Minehead - - Kingsway Private Hotel
Moretonhampstead Manor House Hotel
Morthoe - - Watersmeet Hotel
Nairn - - - Royal Marine Hotel
Newquay - - Atlantic Hotel
Do. - - Headland Hotel
Do. - - St. Rumon's Hotel
Do. - - Hotel Victoria
Northampton - Stag's Head Hotel
North Berwick - Marine Hotel
Do. - - Royal Hotel
Nottingham - - The County Hotel
Do. - - The George Hotel
Oban - - - Great Western Hotel
Oughterard (Co. Galway) - Corrib Hotel
Oxford - - - Randolph Hotel
Paignton - - Paignton Palace Hotel
Do. - - Redcliffe Hotel
Penmaenmawr - Grand Hotel
Penrith - - - Ullswater Hotel
Perth - - - Station Hotel
Plymouth Hoe - Hoe Mansion Hotel
Portheawl - - Seabank Hotel
Reeth, Richmond Arkleside Private Hotel
Richmond (Surrey) Richmond Hill Hotel
Ripon - - - Unicorn Hotel
Rosslare (Ireland) Strand Hotel
Rostrevor (Co. Cork) - Rostrevor Hotel
Rumbling Bridge- Rumbling Bridge Hotel
St. Andrews - - Atholl Hotel
St. Anne's-on-Sea Grand Hotel
St. Ives - - - Tregenna Castle Hotel
Do. - - - York House Hotel
St. Leonards-on-Sea - Alexandra Hotel
Do. Eversfield Hotel
St. Neots - - Bridge Hotel
Do. - - New Inn Hotel
Salisbury - - Angel Hotel
Do. - - Old George Hotel
Do. - - The White Hart Hotel
Scarborough - The Grosvenor Hotel
Do. - The Manor Private Hotel
Do. - Pavilion Hotel
Seaford - - - Battle Creek Hotel
Seaton - - - The Royal Clarence Hotel
Shanklin - - Channel View Hotel
Sheffield - - Albany Hotel
Do. - - Angel Hotel
Sidmouth - - Belmont Hotel
Do. - - Fortfield Hotel
Do. - - Torbay View Hotel
Do. - - Victoria Hotel
Do. - - Westcliff Hall Hotel
Southport - - Prince of Wales Hotel
Southsea - - Gladstone Hotel
Do. - - Royal Beach Hotel
Southwold - - The Swan Hotel
Staines - - - Pack Horse Hotel
Stonehaven - - Royal Hotel
Stranraer - - King's Arms Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon Arden Hotel
Stroud - - - The Bear Inn
Swanage - - Craigside Hotel
Taunton - - Castle Hotel
Teignmouth - - Beach Hotel
Do. - - Dunmore Hotel, Shaldon
Do. - - Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
Templecombe - Templecombe House Hotel
Thurlestone - - Rock House Private Hotel
(S. Devon)
Do. - - Thurlestone Hotel
Tintern - - - Beaufort Arms Hotel
Torquay - - Allerdale Hotel
Do. - - Babbacombe Cliff Hotel, Babbacombe
Do. - - Babbacombe Glen Hotel, Babbacombe
Do. - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Haldon Manor Hotel
Do. - - Hennapyn Private Hotel
Do. - - Links Hotel, Babbacombe
Do. - - Livermead Cliff Hotel
Do. - - Osborne Hotel
Do. - - Palace Hotel
Do. - - Palm Court Hotel
Do. - - Roslin Hall Hotel
Do. - - The Sandringham Private Hotel
Do. - - The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain
Do. - - Victoria and Albert Hotel
Troon - - - Marine Hotel
Tunbridge Wells - Earl's Court Hotel
Do. - Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel
Ullapool - - Royal Hotel
Ventnor - - Royal Hotel
Do. - - Royal Marine Hotel
Warwick - - Lord Leycester Hotel
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